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By the men . . . for the men in the service

FRONT LINE, PACIFIC

Sketches and Stories From the Normandy Front

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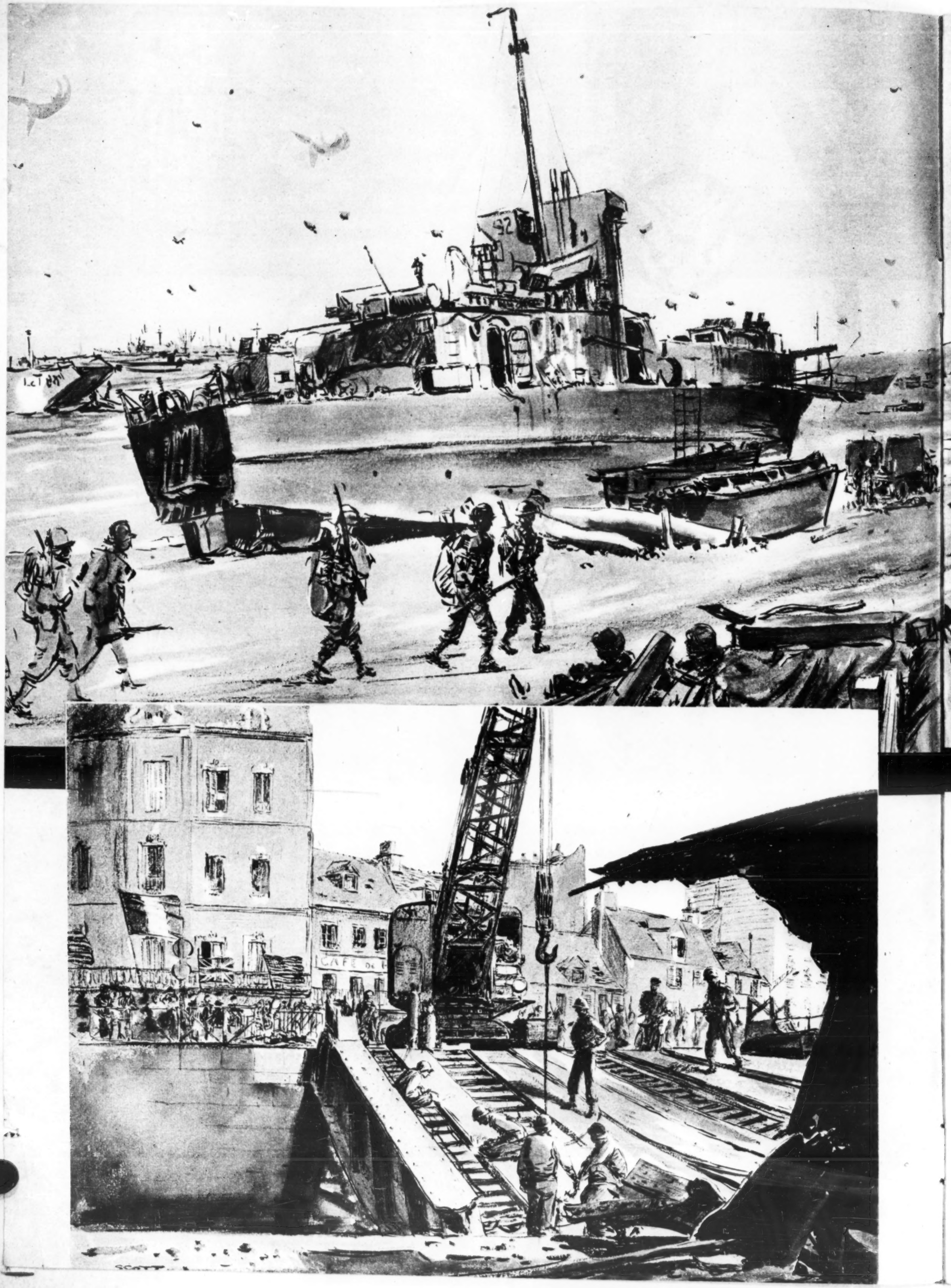

Lower left drawing shows engineers clearing away the wreckage of a Nazi-destroyed bridge in Cherbourg. They cleared the whole mess in less than a day.

Above is the Cherbourg beachhead. A burned-out LCI, hit by an 88-mm shell, rests in the foreground. Barrage balloons, tied to ships and shore, dot the sky.

Report From the Western Front

Four correspondents and an artist set down their impressions of the fighting in Normandy, where every field is a battleground.

By Sgt. BILL DAVIDSON
YANK Staff Correspondent

ST. LO, FRANCE [By Cable]—This is a war of hedgerows, a strangely limited kind of war. Hedgerows are tall, thick breastworks lining almost every road and every field. They are not new emplacements but ancient demarkation lines, and they have been packed down into a cement-like hardness by the pressure of centuries. Sometimes when 88s and 105s score direct hits on hedgerows, they blast holes barely large enough for two men to squeeze through.

Fighting is from field to field and from hedgerow to hedgerow. Frequently you don't know whether the field next to yours is occupied by friend or foe. Sometimes you man the four hedgerows bordering a field and hold it as you would a tiny fort surrounded by the enemy.

You rarely speak of advancing a mile in a single day; you say, instead, "we advanced 11 fields." Normally no-man's-land is the width of a single field, but sometimes it's the width of a single hedgerow. That happens after a long period of fighting and firing, when both sides are too tired to move, and you can hear Jerries talking a few feet away on the other side of the hedge. Sometimes you hold one end of a field and the enemy holds the other, and you maneuver around in two- or three-man patrols until either you or the enemy is thrown out.

This kind of war is paradise for the sniper, the rifleman, the automatic-weapons man, the bazooka man. Conversely it's death on tanks and armored cars. As Lt. Jack Shea put it: "Give me 10 infantrymen in this terrain with the proper combination of small arms, and we will hold up a battalion for 24 hours."

The man on the ground is the important joe here, and he isn't fighting by the books. An outstanding example of improvising is the use of the rifle grenade as a substitute for mortar fire. The rifle is fired from the ground with the butt down, giving the grenade a high angle of elevation. The projectile travels about 200 feet in a high arc and then, at the end of its five-second fuse, explodes in the air. The fragmentation usually kills any Germans who may be caught beneath the airburst.

Patrols go out from both sides at night in search of information, and counterpatrols are sent to fight them. In the darkness, strange things sometimes happen. At one advanced CP, bars of pink all-purpose GI soap were found with tooth marks in them. Jerries who had been there the night before evidently thought the soap was candy.

Throughout the fighting, French farmers and their families live in holes dug into their cellars

DRAWINGS BY SGT. JOHN SCOTT, YANK STAFF ARTIST IN FRANCE

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while the farmhouses are destroyed over their heads. When the fighting passes or a lull begins, the children come out to play and their parents bring eggs and butter to the GIs.

These lulls are necessary in hedgerow warfare. After hours spent advancing through fields, both sides are so worn out that they must stop to rest, regroup and gather up the dead and wounded. Lull, of course, is a misnomer. Snipers keep working, mortar and artillery shells plop down and patrols go out at night. But it's like Sunday in the park back home compared with what went on before.

Hilltop OP

By Cpl. JOHN PRESTON
YANK Staff Correspondent

WITH U. S. FORCES IN FRANCE [By Cable]—We wanted to get a good look at things, and the G-2 officer recommended the view from a certain hill, so we drove out there in the afternoon.

Thick trees and bushes covered the base of the hill, and we had to struggle for 10 or 15 minutes through wet woods before we emerged into broad daylight again. We were halfway up the slope.

Just beyond the woods we came upon a couple of German corpses, laid out by their machine gun. There was nothing left of one Jerry from the waist down, but his wristwatch was still going. The other German was lying flat on his back, his left hand extended and the index finger pointing south in a curious gesture of authority.

When we reached the hilltop, the countryside opened out around us—lovely broad fields of yellow and green, alternating with other hills. On our right was a town, its church steeples poking into the sky. There were clouds of white smoke over the town, and the steady sound of gunfire came up to us. But somehow the battle seemed unconvincing—like a newsreel.

It was almost evening when we reached the bottom of the hill again, and I wandered off to a field where troops of the 82d Airborne Division were encamped. A group of them were opening up K rations and generally taking it easy.

One paratrooper had taken off his shoes and was slowly and luxuriously removing his socks. He told me he'd been wearing them for 10 days. The last chance he'd had to take them off, he'd been just about to wet his whistle on a quart of cognac when marching orders came. Along with his personal equipment, the paratrooper had to carry the 45-pound base plate of a gun, and he had no room for the liquor. So he used the cognac to wash his feet. "I thought the alcohol might dry up my footsores," he explained.

The airborne troops were dug into the very middle of the open field. A couple of days before, two of them had been lying in a foxhole right under a poplar when an airburst of shrapnel hit the tree and dropped straight down, killing one man and injuring the other. Since then, everybody had been digging in right out in the open, and only one man occupied a slit trench or foxhole at a time.

They had all been fighting since D Day. Compared with the obstacles at the beginning of their drive, the hill they had just taken was only a minor deal, but it was no push-over. "At some places," one paratrooper told me, "the fighting was so close the Krauts didn't even bother to throw their grenades—they just handed them over to us." Every road up the hill had been mined and booby-trapped. The favorite German trick was to stretch thin, barely visible wires across the path about the height of a man's ankle, with sticks of TNT tied at each end.

But the airborne troops had taken their objective, just as they had taken others in North Africa and Italy. As we sat around the fire, heating cups of cocoa over a grill made from the rods of ammunition packing cases, the men talked of their travels and their exploits. In the foxholes of Normandy these days there are no atheists—and no inferiority complexes either.

Sniper Fire

By Sgt. WALTER PETERS
YANK Staff Correspondent

LA HAYE DU PUITS, FRANCE [By Cable]—All the way to the company CP, the buildings of this once-beautiful town were a mass of ruins. From the time we crossed the railroad bridge, we saw nobody on the streets; the only living creature was a cat, which padded out of a cafe where cider was leaking from barrels cracked open by heavy artillery blasts.

1st Sgt. Joseph Gunssauls of Alexandria, Va., was sitting in the CP behind a desk that had belonged only a few hours before to the German commander. Standing across from the top kick, telephone in hand, was the company commander, Capt. Joseph Gray of Hamilton, Ga.

In the back room, a crowd of GIs were eating K rations and trying to dry out their clothing. The front windows of the CP were no longer there, but through the frames came the smell of smoke and the fish-market odor of death. The doors of the CP had been jarred loose from their hinges by artillery blasts, and one section of the building's ceiling was hugging the floor in a pile of rubble.

Rifle fire continued outside as we talked with Capt. Gray and his men in the CP. Pvt. Eugene Zubrzycki of Flushing, N. Y., pointed through the window frames at a sign on a building across the street—about the only object still in one piece: A. CERON, MONUMENTS, FUNERAIRES ET MORTUAIRES. He read the words aloud slowly in very bad French and added: "That guy ought to be doing a whale of a business. Monuments, flowers and funerals. Great racket."

"Say," somebody asked, "where's Klotz?"

"Guess he's out celebrating his baby," another soldier answered.

That morning, just before the outfit had been ordered to mop up La Haye du Puits, Sgt. Hyman Klotz of Brooklyn, N. Y., an assistant squad leader, had received a letter from his wife announcing the birth of a baby girl.

"Maybe he's across the street at that wine shop," another soldier suggested.

"Hell, no, there's nothing left in there to celebrate with. He's out looking for more snipers."

From the company CP we moved over to the battalion CP, headquarters of Lt. Col. Earl Lerette of Brookline, Mass. On the way, I stopped inside a building which three soldiers were searching from room to room for snipers. As they finished the job, there were several blasts in the distance. "There go the 88s," said Pfc. Joseph Maez of Taos, N. Mex., "and there probably go a couple more dead GIs, I guess. Damn the Germans."

We found Lt. Col. Lerette just as he was pinning on his leaf. "We didn't wear our insignia coming in," he said. "All the officers came in with full field packs, looking like GIs. Those snipers like to pick off the leaders."

There were more 88 blasts, punctuated by the sound of small-arms fire. "That's the kind of thing we've had all day," Lerette said. "The main German forces have moved out but they left plenty of snipers planted all over town. It's small stuff and they're bad shots but it's a damn nuisance. We have to keep right on until every last one is cleaned out."

"We got that sniper up by the railroad bridge, sir," reported a soldier. "He had a small pistol in his hand, but we didn't take it because the pistol was cocked and we figured it might have been booby-trapped." The colonel smiled. "Some GIs have probably got it by now," he said. "I guess there's no use going over there. Too bad. I'd sure like to have one of those small German pistols."

Our engineers were ready for the repair job on the Transatlantique dock at Cherbourg. Army reconstruction plans were drawn up over a year before the invasion.

Men of an American airborne pack-howitzer section open fire on German mortar positions outside Carentan.

Moving Up

By Sgt. SAUL LEVITT
YANK Staff Correspondent

WITH U. S. FORCES SOUTH OF LA HAYE [By Cable]—Our jeep slipped into deep ruts in the muddy road and then fought its way out again. At the end of the road we turned off through a narrow path into a clearing.

In the woods around the clearing, perhaps a few hundred yards away, perhaps less, were German snipers. There was a medical unit here, with an ambulance, doctors and medics, and the Germans were keeping them busy. A U. S. infantryman, shot through the leg by a sniper, was brought in just after we arrived.

Then two more men were carried into the clearing on stretchers, tagged with identifications and descriptions of their wounds. One of them was an American, the other an 18-year-old German in the uniform of a *Panzer* SS grenadier.

Capt. Abraham Jacob of Brooklyn, N. Y., an Army doctor, gave the German a once-over. He was in good shape but moaning as he lay on the stretcher. His big hands clutched the grass. "That Jerry's not hurt that bad," someone said. "He thinks maybe we're going to kill him."

Now Capt. Jacob's fingers were working up and down the American soldier's back. "You'll be all right," the captain said. "You're not hurt bad at all." The American had been hit by shrapnel and captured two days earlier. German doctors had taken care of him, and when the enemy began retreating, the American was left lying on the roadside so that he could be clearly seen by our advancing troops and picked up.

In the middle of the clearing, a two-man demolition team listened as a captain explained a couple of jobs they were to do. First they were to probe for an 88 shell that had fallen in the clearing the night before. Then they were to go forward to the ammunition dump. When the captain had finished his explanation, Pfc. Stanley Morgan of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., one of the demolition men, said without the slightest self-pity: "I've got the unluckiest job in the Army."

Then he went over to the spot where the unexploded bomb lay buried, its position marked by a square of white tape. Kneeling down, Morgan stretched out flat on his stomach and probed for the shell with his fingers. Dirt came up in small puffs. Morgan and Pvt. Thomas Bourke of Baltimore, Md., the other half of the team, stared at the ground for a moment. Then they straightened up and Morgan announced to no one in particular: "Okay, gentlemen, it's a dud."

As we moved out of the clearing, Morgan turned his head and warned me very gravely: "Keep your noggin down." We pushed on a few hundred yards more through the wooded Normandy countryside until we came to another clearing. We entered by a break in the hedgerow.

At the break there were signs of recent German occupancy—cartridges, potato-masher grenades, empty milk cans and a torn illustrated magazine with pin-ups more revealing than those you'll find in YANK. Beyond these German left-overs were some prisoners and their American captors. This was a prisoner-collection point. In a little while the MPs would come to take the prisoners down the line, and then the men who had captured them would be going back to the front. But that little while was a long moment of peace.

The choice of relaxations was unlimited: the men could wash and shave, talk or sleep in the sun. Two grimy bearded characters who had not slept for three days wavered between resting and washing, and ended up by taking baths and shaving out of their helmets.

Sgt. Nathaniel Meadows of Miami, Fla.; Pfc. Melvin Preston of Richmond, Calif., and Capt. Louis Sohn Jr. of Atlanta, Ga., talked about their experiences of the past few days.

Capt. Sohn, an MP officer who used to be an Infantry officer, was full of impressions about La Haye du Puits, the town we'd just passed through. "The French are coming back," he said. "They went off to the countryside while the fighting was going on, but now they're coming back, whole convoys of them—kids, donkeys, old women, horses, wagons and wheelbarrows. In one procession I saw, a little woman of 35 or so was acting as company commander for the whole deal. She urged the others on, yelled at them and wheedled them. And when they finally reached La Haye, she made a thank-you speech to the Americans for liberating the town. She knew there wasn't much left of the town, but she was thanking the Americans, and she meant it."

Minutes were ticking by, and soon Meadows and Preston would be back in action. They were not anxious for action but still they fretted the way soldiers will who are separated from their outfit. They hated the front, but their company was up there and they had to find it—that was all there was to it.

CAPT. Sohn and Preston got into a discussion about the front-line action. Preston's platoon leader had been killed the day before, advancing over open ground, and Preston said angrily that his lieutenant was a brave man, but was he a good soldier, advancing over open ground like that? Was Preston supposed to follow the lieutenant even if he knew for sure they wouldn't get anywhere, only killed?

"You have to advance," the captain said. "You have to make Jerry understand that you'll keep coming in; otherwise everything piles up, materiel and men. I know you're the guy who had to advance and I'm the guy who's talking, but you have to advance. Your lieutenant was right."

"I'll go somewhere," said Preston stubbornly, "but I have to feel it'll get me somewhere."

There was a sudden whine of 88s overhead. Everybody dived for ditches and foxholes. Then the whining died and Capt. Sohn popped up and called to Preston in the next foxhole: "You have to advance, that's all."

"I want to know it means something—not just getting killed," Preston insisted.

Now it was time to go back up to the line. The soldiers got up and stretched. Only a boy from New Jersey kept on lying down. "The minute you lie down," he said, "you can't get up any more. How much longer are they gonna keep us on the line?"

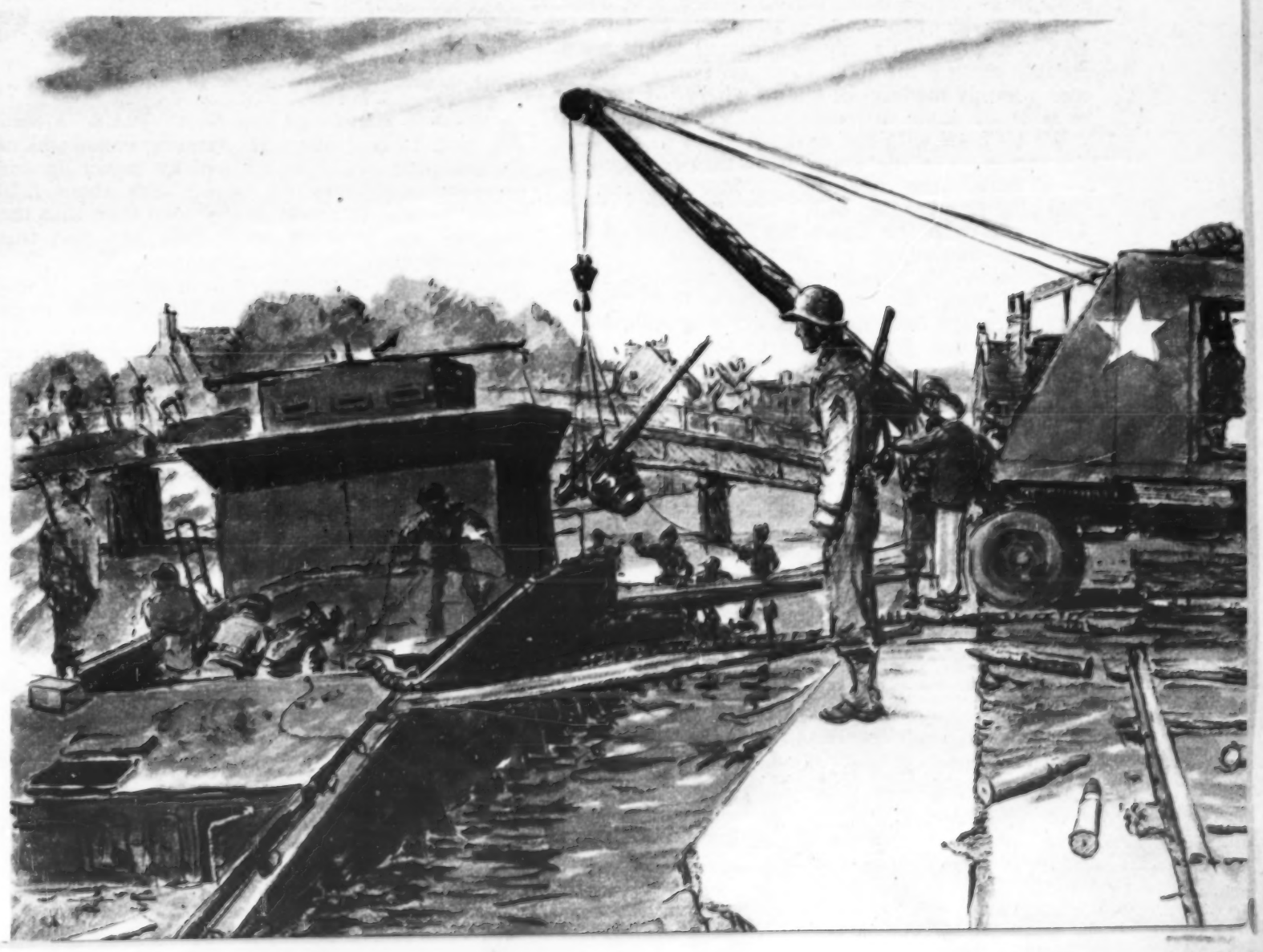
"I reckon a few more days," said Sgt. Meadows.

"I wonder if I'll live that long," said Jersey. He said it without gloom and without worry—only in a tone of speculation, the way you might wonder if your horse was going to win.

"Well, let's go back," said Preston.

"Just a couple more seconds," said Jersey. He lay there in the grass, tired but alive. His friends stood around, giving him a few more seconds in the sun before they all went back to the line.

A guard stands by as engineers remove an 88-mm gun from an enemy flak ship sunk in the harbor of Isigny.



Raid in the North Pacific

FOG FORCED THE B-24S BACK FROM MATSUWA BUT THE WARSHIPS WENT ON ALONE.

Briefing session for Kuriles-bound flyers. They'll do their best to satisfy the little girl on the poster.

By Cpl. JOHN HAVERSTICK
YANK Staff Correspondent

AN ADVANCED BASE IN THE ALEUTIANS—We did not complete our air mission. Our job was to clear the way into Matsuwa for a predawn shelling by a Navy task force, and we carried incendiary bombs to light up the target for the warships after that.

Matsuwa lies in the Kurile Islands in the North Pacific, more than 800 miles from the nearest Aleutian base, and we had to cover most of that distance before we could start our sweep. Liberator crews of the Eleventh Air Force have made the run regularly since late last winter—more times than the men have kept track of. They go heavy with 500s and take extra gas stores because it is one of the longest nonstop flights made by B-24s in the war. The Aleutian weather gives them a bad time, too.

"For the last few days we have been unable to get a weather plane off," we were told at briefing. "If it is too clear or too dense, don't go into the target. There are scattered remnants of a storm out there, due west. A rainstorm is coming up from the south. If the two systems meet, they will form the worst situation in the world for fog."

If it were clear over the target, the surface craft might be uncomfortably exposed, Maj. Jack T. Loney, CO of the bomber squadron, explained. But if it were too foggy, our planes might have trouble getting through. What we really wanted was a happy medium in a land where the weather is never made to order.

We took off with the advance flight in the late afternoon. "Let me know if it throws any gas back here," our engineer, T/Sgt. William T. Clark of Eunice, La., called into the waist compartment from the bomb bay. He motioned toward the fuel supply on the main deck.

Sgt. Armel L. Meadows of Bloomington, Ind., crawled under him to get a Baby Ruth and a detective yarn from his overnight bag. As special radio operator, he returned to the flight deck.

Back in the waist, S/Sgt. Roy H. Cline of McConnellsburg, Pa., a gunner, pulled his earphones on, then off. San Francisco, which the B-24s always pick up on the way out, was not coming in yet. The other waist gunner, S/Sgt. Isaac M. Frye of Malta, Mont., settled down for a long ride. He propped his back up against the window and slowly pared his fingernails with a GI knife.

A quarter-hour later the second plane had almost caught up with us. It was barely visible, about seven miles to the rear, for a few seconds; then it disappeared behind a fog bank.

At 6,000 feet a good deal later our plane emerged from the fog. "What time do we reach the task force?" asked Cline over the interphone.

"In another four hours," answered Maj. Thomas, O. Wood of Amarillo, Tex., the pilot.

Capt. Robert W. Carney of La Canada, Calif., the photographer, picked up his earphones on the flight deck. "San Francisco's coming through now," he said. "American forces have advanced in Normandy. Allied planes flew 1,500 sorties over Italy and the Balkans."

As it became colder in the waist compartment, Cline climbed around with coffee thermos bottles. We could have been so many hoboes sharing a boxcar, except that the coffee cooled off too rapidly when it hit the bottle-cap cups.

At 1925 hours, when we smacked into a fog front again, we heard a Jap broadcast.

ABOARD a cruiser of the North Pacific Fleet's task force, Albert H. Selover, coxswain, of Philadelphia, Pa., played whisky poker in his compartment. When he hit his sack about 1930 hours, he was $8 ahead. He noticed then that the weather was clearing up a little and that this had somewhat disturbed the men. There had been a couple of routine calls to stations.

Selover felt the change in the weather more than most of them because he had been in the South Pacific since 1942. So did Calvin J. Brinar, coxswain, of St. Louis, Mo., for the same reason.

Brinar was listening over the crew's radio to a transcription of Frank Sinatra, or rather to the catcalls of the other men who were listening. Later on, he dressed for his watch on the fantail.

First he put on long-handles, then winter pants and dungarees. He pulled on his fur-lined winter coat, a rain parka, a winter helmet, a tin hat and two pairs of gloves. Then he stretched his life jacket around himself. It was, he decided, highly improbable that he would be able to find anything in his pockets.

AFTER coffeetime in the plane, S/Sgt. Horace J. Tiffany of Milton, Wis., the turret gunner, grew tired of nicking the edge of a wood ammunition chest with his hunting knife. Pulling a GI comforter off the main deck, he spread it out at the rear of the waist compartment and lay down.

Forward on the flight deck, Capt. Carney bent over a short-story magazine. Frye, leaning over Maj. Wood's shoulder, observed that the fog was closing into a worse front ahead of us. Then he sat back and resumed the paring of his nails.

As far as Meadows could find out over his radio, the next plane was five miles behind us. That distance soon spread to 12 miles. The air was getting rough enough to jar the work table of our radio operator, T/Sgt. Charles E. Cramer of Lancaster, Pa. The sun came out at 2115 hours, bright enough to make us squint.

Meadows picked up the task force on the water ahead of us.

SHORTLY after his watch began at midnight on his ship's fantail, the coxswain Brinar ate a couple of sandwiches made with extra bread he'd filched from an earlier chow line.

Brinar could see the fog rolling in through the night. By the time his watch ended, an hour early that night, he could hardly make out the funnels of the ship from where he stood. He thought it would be a good idea to catch some sleep before he was called back to his battle station. But first he went below for some soup and a cup of coffee.

He was pretty sure that none of our planes had passed over the task force toward the target yet.

BRINAR was right. When the order to turn back reached our plane, Cramer was teasing Meadows by blinking a red flash across the flight deck into his face.

Officially we were called back because our base had fogged in behind us, we learned later. But the crew was too far out then to care about that, and the west looked clear.

"Are we going back?" came from the waist.

"Let's go up a little farther; it looks like a wide acre up here," urged another voice.

This Week's Cover

DURING the campaign on Wakde, Netherlands New Guinea, YANK's Sgt. Dick Hanley made this unusual close-up. One look at the soldier's face, the way he hugs his hole and grips his tommy gun, tells you the picture was made up front. To make things tougher, he carries heavy radio equipment.

PHOTO CREDITS. Cover—Sgt. Dick Hanley. 6—AAF. 7—Bureau of Agriculture, Chemistry and Engineering. 8—Pfc. George Burns. 11—Upper left, PA; upper right, Acme; upper center & lower right, Signal Corps; lower left, British Information Services. 12 & 13—Sgt. Steve Derry. 14—20th Century-Fox. 18—Upper left, PRO, Camp Blanding, Fla.; Upper right, Sgt. Bob Ghio; center, BPR, WAC; lower left, Signal Corps, Camp Forrest, Tenn. 19—Upper left, USMC; upper right, Sgt. Ghio; lower left, PRO, McCook AAF, Nebr.; lower right, PRO, Camp Lee, Va. 20—Columbia Pictures. 23—Upper, Acme; lower, USCG.

"For 2 cents I'd go on over," said Maj. Wood.

"I've got 2 cents," offered the bombardier, Lt. Stuart E. Williamson Jr. of Red Oak, Iowa.

"So have I," doubled the navigator, Capt. Roswell M. Parker.

"How far from Matsuwa?" asked the pilot.

"About an hour."

"How far from Shimushiru?"

"One hour and 20 minutes."

There was another long silence. Then Maj. Wood settled the doubt. "We got orders to go back so we'd better do it," he said. "Bombardier, put pins back in bombs."

"Damn," came a chorus.

At 2215 hours we had sandwiches back in the waist as we made a great circle to return.

BRINAR didn't sleep long after he had finished his watch and had his coffee. At 0315 the crew held silence in a black soup except for passing around the word to go to stations. Going into Matsuwa's harbor, Brinar and Selover crouched close to the deck behind their gunshield. They could talk softly there.

As they neared land, they caught the smell of oily fish. For a short while, the water in the bow waves was peculiarly phosphorescent, mirroring the ships in an unnatural glow.

When the cruisers finally opened up, the flash of the force's guns was exaggerated by the fog. One antiaircraft gunner who stood up for a minute on the fantail could see nothing but the flash, so he sat down again.

Offshore, to the north of the harbor, things were going just like a drill for Fred C. Musiol S1c of Carnegie, Pa., who was hauling shells in the turret of the No. 1 mount of a destroyer. Then the door of the turret was jarred loose by the concussion from No. 2 mount, and automatically the lights went out. (A turret's lights work like a refrigerator's in reverse: when the door opens, they black out.) In the darkness following the concussion, the shellman on Musiol's gun managed to catch every one of the hot shell cases.

The night was so dark that a leading destroyer came within 60 yards of ramming Musiol's ship when the force turned around to head out. He felt the ship shake as she speeded up to flank and clear the other.

The warships left in a hurry after the half-hour pounding they gave Matsuwa. Brinar and Selover never did get a shot at a plane because the Japs didn't have any in the air.

The destroyer picked up Tokyo Rose on the radio. The Japanese, she said, had sunk one U. S. cruiser and one destroyer and had shot down all the U. S. aircraft.

THE sweetheart of the Aleutians was completely wrong. The second and last flight of B-24s did not even reach the task force early that morning. About an hour east of the ships, they hit the soup that Brinar had seen closing in.

One plane tried to get under the cloud formation at 500 feet. There it seemed to be rolling in from the south at 45-degree angles. The lead plane climbed to 13,000 feet and still couldn't top it. At 17,000, the controls of another plane went limp when they started to freeze.

Around noon that day, kept awake by coffee, the second group made its base in a visibility of 50 feet. In the few clear hollows between the cloud layers, they had topped one crazy fog formation only to find another. These looked for all the world like so many spinning doughnuts.

JEEPS ON THE FARM?

By Sgt. MERLE MILLER
YANK Staff Writer

WASHINGTON, D. C.—GIs who have been planning to use jeeps on their farms after the war are in for a big disappointment.

Unless it's changed, the war-time jeep will be just a "handy, amusing, plucky but expensive jack of all trades" and not much good for anything on the average farm.

At least that's what Dorothy V. Knibb of the U. S. Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce says in an article printed in a Government-financed magazine, *Domestic Commerce*, which ought to make it pretty official.

In the first place, Miss Knibb doesn't think much of the jeep's looks. "For all its popularity, it's unbeautiful," she writes. And what's more she doesn't think a farmer's wife is going to want to drive to town or church or go visiting in one.

In addition, Miss Knibb, who seems to have ridden in a jeep once or twice, writes that, "as a passenger car, it is uncomfortable at any high speed and several low ones.

"It has no shock-absorbing apparatus and no finishing touches in general. On the road it will go from about 12 to 15 miles per gallon of gasoline, depending on load and speed."

So Miss Knibb rules out the jeep as a civilian passenger car.

As a truck, she contends, it hasn't enough room for much of a load, although it might be "hitched to a farm wagon or trailer and pull average-size loads. Truck farmers who make frequent trips to nearby markets and carry small loads might use the jeep to certain advantage. But despite the fact that it can be used on good roads with the one-axle drive, gasoline consumption is relatively high and maintenance would be considerably more than for a pick-up truck."

What about substituting the jeep for a tractor?

Miss Knibb reports that the U. S. Department of Agriculture is trying to figure out an answer to that one and already has conducted a few tests at the Tillage Machinery Laboratory in Auburn, Ala., and at Penn State College.

"The jeep's performance was somewhat similar to that of a small tractor of about the same weight with rubber tires," the article declares.

At certain jobs, like pulling a six-foot tandem disc harrow for 6½ hours, the jeep's gasoline consumption was about 50 percent higher than that of a tractor of the same size and weight.

"In the over-all picture, the jeep's draw-bar horsepower is from one to three less than that of the small tractor," Miss Knibb continues, "its speed is half a mile faster, its pull is one-third less, as is its horsepower per gallon of gasoline."

In general, the main difference between the jeep and the tractor is the speed of its engine. A typical tractor engine averages about 1,300 rpm, while a jeep, built to go over rough roads at high speed, makes as many as 4,000 rpm, with an average of about 2,000 rpm.

Nobody knows for sure whether a jeep engine can stand up for any length of time at such a low speed because, as Miss Knibb puts it, "it has not been tested 'to the death'." However, an average automobile, which has a life of several years if its low gears are not used very often, wouldn't stand up for long if "its full engine power were used continuously in low gear."

Chances are, Miss Knibb says, the jeep would burn itself out if harnessed down to tractor work for very long, especially since it doesn't have a governor. A variable-speed governor would cost more money and might not be enough help anyway, she says.

For pulling plows, cultivators and other row work, the jeep is "obviously of little use because it has an eight-inch clearance, and its tread-width of 51 inches is not adjustable."

However, it is built so that a pulley assembly—Miss Knibb thinks one shouldn't cost more than $50—could run a wood saw, feed blower, water pump, hay elevator "and other similar stationary pieces of machinery. As an auxiliary unit, it could meet many important needs."

On large farms Miss Knibb believes the jeep could be used to carry hands to the fields, round up cattle, transport seeds and light equipment and "generally for getting into places inaccessible to trucks and cars."

If manufacturers want to modify the jeep so that it will meet civilian farm needs, its design, according to the article, will have to be either more like the tractor or more like the truck or passenger car.

"If it becomes a tractor, its hauling potentialities will be infinitely less than they now are," Miss Knibb says. "And, if it becomes a truck or passenger car, it will lose most of its tractor abilities."

But modified or not, Miss Knibb concludes that the jeep just won't be practical on the average farm, the kind most farming GIs will be working. It may be practical on large ones.

"In either case," Miss Knibb warns, "it would appear that its role would not be important enough to affect the market for farm machinery to any great extent."

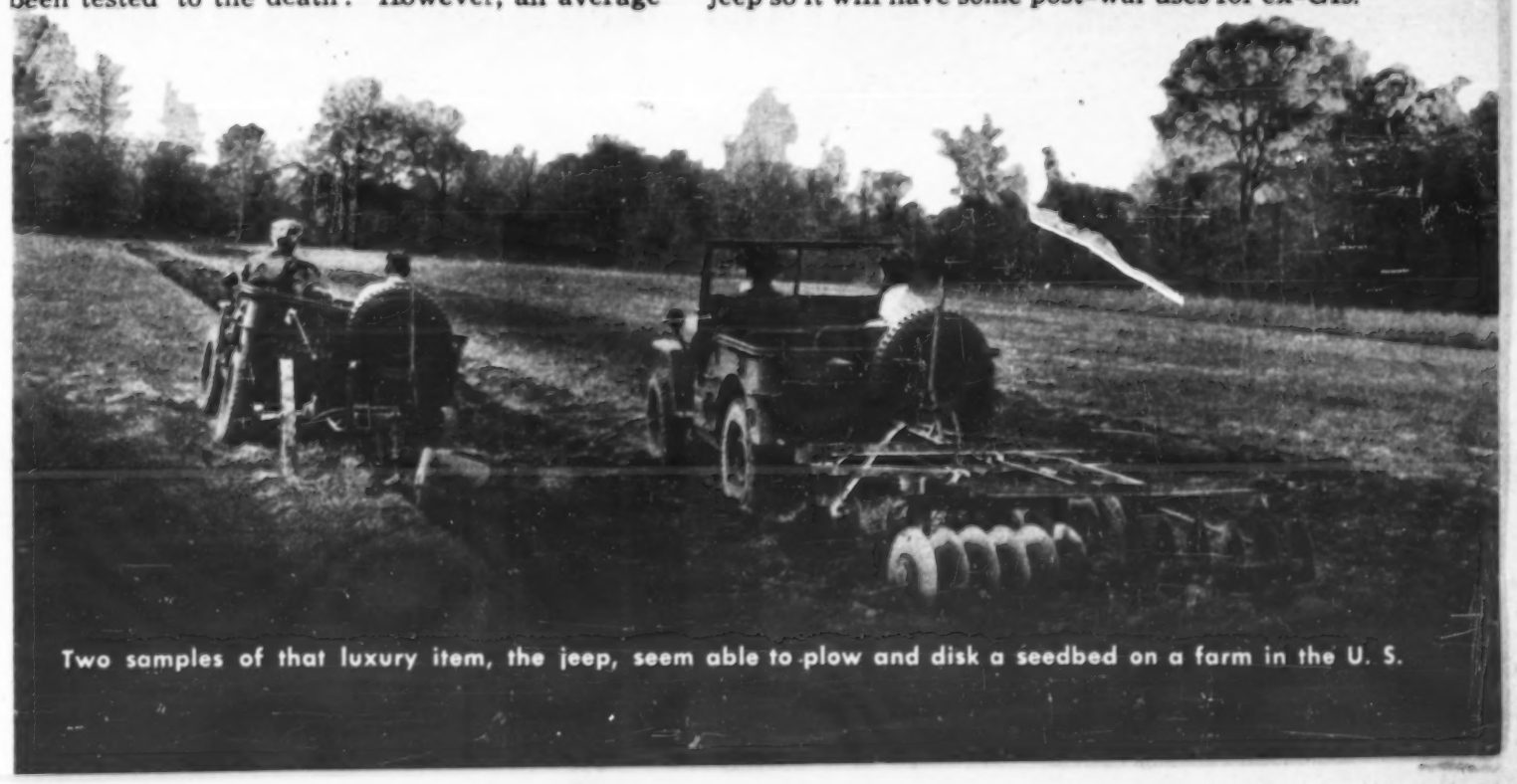
NATURALLY a lot of people back home don't agree with Miss Knibb's conclusions. For instance, *Popular Science* magazine recently conducted a contest on "1,001 Post-war Jobs for the Jeep," and most of the winners were sure the jeep would be of practical use on farms after the war.

One, Lt. W. L. Hoffman of Camp Forrest, Tenn., claimed that jeeps "will do anything a horse will do, except whinny—and you don't have to feed them when they're not working."

Others suggested that jeeps should be assigned to postmen and doctors in rural areas, road surveyors and inspectors, telephone and telegraph wire stringers, and even to police and the FBI.

Despite Miss Knibb's feeling about the way it looks, *Popular Science* reports that "the idea of prettying up the jeep drew cries of pain from servicemen. While most of them expressed hopes of owning a jeep after the war, many simply for the pleasure of driving it around, the servicemen wanted it to retain its present rugged homeliness."

The chances are a lot of servicemen will agree, and it's almost certain that automobile manufacturers will find a way to modify the wartime jeep so it will have some post-war uses for ex-GIs.



Two samples of that luxury item, the jeep, seem able to plow and disk a seedbed on a farm in the U. S.

George H. (Pluto) Platz AMM1c

ARM'S LENGTH FROM A Jap Battleship

Two Navy men bailed out of a torpedo plane so close to the enemy vessel that one could touch a cable trailing from its stern.

By Sgt. BILL REED
YANK Staff Correspondent

PEARL HARBOR, HAWAII [By Cable]—George H. (Pluto) Platz AMM1c, a chunky Navy aerial gunner from the Bronx, N. Y., recently came close enough to a Jap battleship to touch a cable trailing from the stern.

Platz's TBF (Grumman Avenger) was based on a carrier of the *Independence* class, covering the Saipan operations with other units of the Pacific Fleet. Our landing force had been on Saipan for six days, and the warships patrolling the Philippine Sea expected a counterblow by the Jap Navy. For the first time, torpedoes were attached to the carrier's planes. Crews long accustomed to dummy torpedoes worked eagerly to get the TBFs into battle dress.

When word was flashed that the Jap Navy was edging closer to Saipan, eight fighter planes and four TBFs jumped from the carrier and 10 minutes later joined five more TBFs from another flat-top. It was late afternoon, and there wouldn't be much more daylight. What was far more serious, would the gas supply last long enough for the planes to find the enemy, do their work and fly back home to their carriers?

Lt. (jg) George P. Brown of Rochester, N. Y., acting executive officer of the group, was piloting the plane in which Platz flew as aerial gunner. It was no secret on the carrier that Brownie wanted a Jap flat-top. He'd flown 21 missions already, mostly long-range thrusts over Tarawa, Wake, Makin and Kwajalein, but he had never once come across anything larger than a Jap tanker. Brownie wasn't boastful or overambitious in his quest for a Jap carrier; he simply wanted one, that was all, the way some boys dream of becoming President or playing centerfield for the New York Yankees.

Before he took off from the carrier, Brownie confided to his squadron commander, Lt. Jim Alton: "This looks like it. I should get a chance at that carrier of mine."

THE flight started out like any other flight. The men chewed gum, Brownie gave instructions to the pilots of the other planes for a rendezvous after the attack, and everybody kept his eyes open for what might prove to be the biggest target of the Pacific war.

The first bad break came after the planes had covered 100 miles: two of the fighters developed engine trouble and turned back. "It was a bad start," Platz says. "We knew the fighters were important. In a torpedo-plane job, the fighters and dive-bombers act as cover for the slow-moving TBFs. They're supposed to divert attention and draw ack-ack, leaving things comparatively safe for us. We have to go in low, as low as 300 feet, which makes us a swell target. If any dive-bombers were assigned to us on this mission, they never showed up. And now two of the fighters

It was a Jap aviator swimming frantically toward them. "We didn't know what to do," Platz says. "We could see his slanted eyes. He was waving a pistol in one hand."

were out of the show. To make matters worse, Zeros came out to meet us, and that kept the fighters busy."

While the fighters and Zeros scrambled around the sky, Platz sighted some enemy tankers below. And then, in the distance, there loomed the sight that every American flyer in the Pacific has dreamed about: Jap battleships, cruisers, destroyers and carriers. They were dispersed in a wide area, separate groups of them. There was a carrier riding close to a battleship, and surrounding them were faster cruisers and destroyers.

In the largest group were two carriers, a battleship, two cruisers and about six destroyers. The larger carrier sat high up in the water, the prize of the lot, a 28,000-ton warship of the *Hayataka* class. Platz knew instinctively that Brown was going to head for it. He did and ordered three planes to follow him.

The flak started immediately. It came up like a curtain, thick and deadly. When small dark puffs of smoke popped around the plane, followed by gushes of white and then blinding fire, Platz knew his TBF was sailing through a barrage of phosphorous shells.

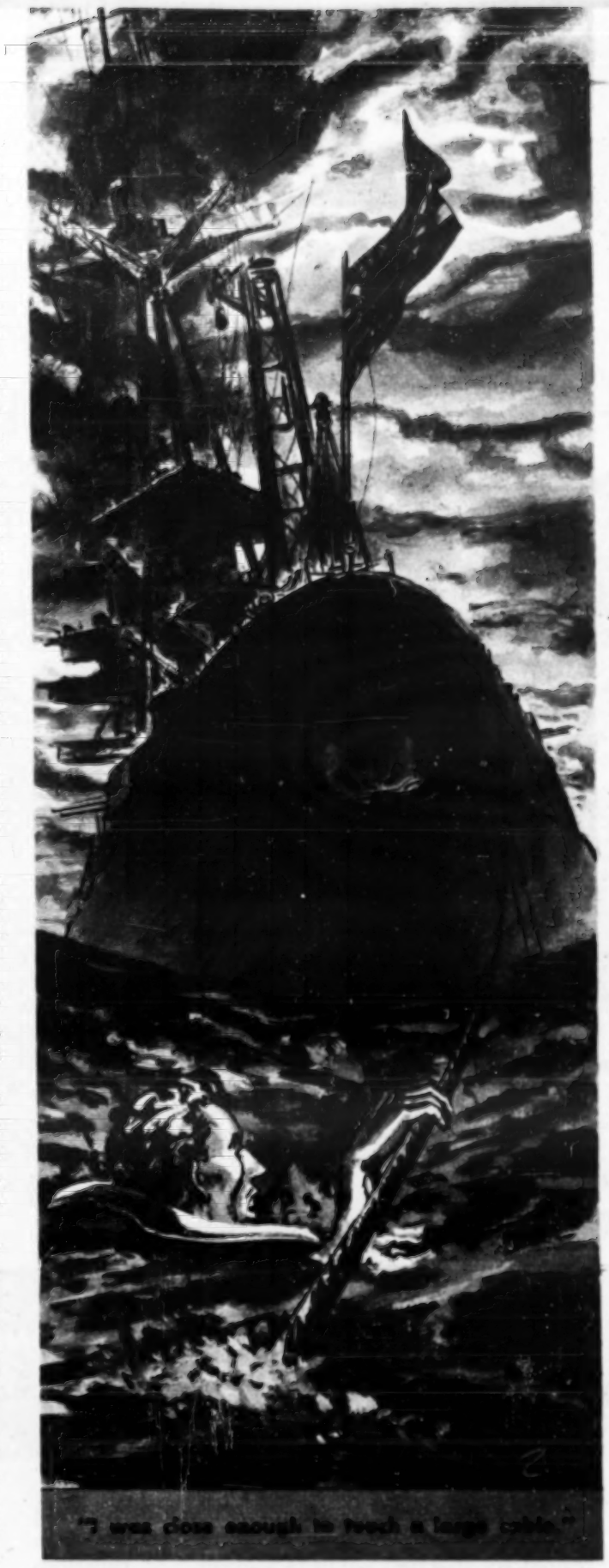
Brown dropped the nose of his plane toward the sea at 4,000 feet and was about to glide in to the carrier from 1,000 when the TBF suffered its first damage.

"Jap tracers had been getting closer and closer," says Platz. "Then the plane jumped and rocked. They had hit us below the turret in the fuselage. Part of the wing was flapping off, but I didn't realize we were on fire until the turret became hot. The radio gear under me was covered with white smoke. I tried to call the pilot, but the radio wouldn't work. Everything was smoking. I decided to get the hell out."

Platz worked his way to the hatch and found Ellis C. Babcock ARM2c of Buffalo, N. Y., the radioman, waiting for him. He'd been strafing the most active destroyer when the TBF was hit. Platz grinned at his shipmate, shoved him out and then jumped.

Both watched their ship continue on toward the carrier. For the first time they realized that Lt. Brown was still at the controls. The flaming plane streaked toward the carrier, now attempting to escape by turning sharply to the right. It turned at exactly the right moment, and Brown's torpedo rammed into its side, a dead hit.

Then a TBF piloted by Lt. (jg) Benjamin C. Tate of Pulaski, Va., swung in from the same side and caught the carrier amidships with its fish. Platz and Babcock, still parachuting down, saw the wakes of three torpedoes converge on the carrier. It rocked and heaved. The prize plum had been plucked.



"I was close enough to touch a large cable."

AFTER strafing the carrier's planes, Tate climbed out of the range of ack-ack and hunted for the other TBFs. He finally found Lt. Brown's plane, no longer aflame but smoking and rocking from side to side as it flew at a low altitude.

"I could see that his aerial had been shot away, the tail and fuselage were full of holes and the bomb bay was still open," Tate says. "Brown was sitting in the cockpit, as dazed as a football player at the bottom of a pile-up. I tried to get him to follow me, but he couldn't. He held up his right arm and pointed to the blood on it, then to his body. My gas was running low, so I made a careful check of his position and headed home. We ran out of gas within sight of an American destroyer. We got into our rafts and watched our plane sink three minutes later."

The destroyer's searchlights found them quickly. Tate's radioman, J. F. Siwicki ARM2c of Mattapan, Mass., signaled with his flashlight and shouted for joy when the searchlights blinked back an R (for Roger). "It was the most beautiful signal I ever saw," Tate said.

Lt. Warren R. Omarck of Valley Stream, N. Y., pilot of still another of the TBFs, had a grandstand seat at the show. He was the third in line when the planes went in for the attack, but his dive was too steep and he had to level off again. This brought him in position 35 or 45 seconds behind the others. Robert E. Ranes of Milwaukee, Wis., his radioman, tried to take pictures on the way down, dividing his time between that and a .30-caliber gun and reporting the position of Jap tracers to Lt. Omarck.

"The carriers were firing too high and the cans were shooting too low to benefit the Imperial Government," Ranes recalls with a chuckle. "But they came too close for comfort at that. I felt I could reach out and grab a handful of smoke puffs. At 3,000 feet we passed directly over the carrier, which seemed to throw everything it had at us. At 400 we dropped our fish. Then Lt. Omarck danced the plane, and we got out of range without getting hit. Our only injury was a hole in the torpedo camera."

On the way to the rendezvous point, a Zero and a Val (Jap dive-bomber) swooped down on them. J. E. Prince of Camden, Ark., the turret gunner, was a busy man for a while. He scared off the Zero and opened up wide on the Val. Apparently neither Jap was in the mood to give chase and both turned back.

Lt. Omarck's plane continued on and also met up with Lt. Brown, who still seemed dazed and bloody, just as Tate had found him. Brown's TBF was evidently out of control and constantly losing speed. Omarck did everything he could, turning on his wing lights so Brown could see, hovering around as the crippled plane dropped closer to the sea. At 2045 hours, Omarck's gunner reported: "We've lost him."

"I made a few S turns," says Omarck, "but Brownie had disappeared. I think he fainted in the cockpit and crashed. I went on in and called the ship to tell them about Brownie because I didn't think I'd get back."

Lt. Brown was never heard from again, but Omarck's plane made it back to the carrier—with less than a gallon of gasoline to spare. The engine coughed three or four times after the TBF hit the deck and then died.

BUT the adventure was far from over for Platz and Babcock. They landed safely in the water and bobbed around for hours within sight of the Jap fleet. Platz found himself an arm's length of an enemy battleship.

"I thought I might be sucked into the screws," Platz said, "but the warship's wake pushed me away. I ducked under what was left of my Mae West and, when I came up, I was close enough to touch a large cable trailing from the stern."

After the American planes left, Platz says, the Zeros clustered around the blazing carrier and tried to land. Explosions rocked the big ship, and soon it was ablaze from bow to stern. The Zeros sought out berths on other carriers while cruisers and destroyers gathered around the stricken flat-top, playing their searchlights, picking up survivors and signaling furiously to other ships in the neighborhood. They worked until what Platz and Babcock figured was midnight and then moved away, apparently realizing that other American planes and ships might be heading in their direction. The two Americans could see the silhouettes of the ships moving away, reluctantly leaving the carrier to its fate.

"It could have been an Orson Welles production or a Fourth of July pageant," Platz says. "The night was filled with the shrieks of drowning men, with blinking lights and piercing whistles. To Americans who'd been saying 'Remember Pearl Harbor,' it was a beautiful sight."

Then the carrier disappeared in the darkness like a setting sun.

PLATZ and Babcock had been watching the Jap warship from different spots in the water. They blew loudly on their Mae West whistles now in the hope of contacting one another but were unsuccessful until dawn approached. "We couldn't see each other," Babcock says, "until we got within about 10 feet, and when we did meet we began to ask each other silly questions—like 'Have you got a raft?' Then we locked arms and floated till sunrise."

"We'd been in the water about 10 hours," Platz says, "and our teeth were chattering. I could feel Babcock shivering and I guess I was, too."

The life jacket Platz wore had been half ripped away by shrapnel, and his back and buttocks had been seared by flying metal. The wounds were more like scratches than the ones he sustained over Makin that won him the Purple Heart. "But they sure felt uncomfortable," he says.

Shortly after dawn, American fighter planes flew high above them, so high that Babcock decided not to risk wasting his dye marker. About a half-hour later, however, more planes appeared at a lower level, apparently on a search mission. Babcock released the dye and he and Platz churned the water with their legs to attract attention. The planes swung around and went back but returned quickly with three TBFs, each of which dropped a rubber raft. Babcock and Platz recovered two of the rafts, tied them together and climbed aboard.

Then began a long wait. The men watched the planes disappear and gratefully drank water and ate food tablets they found in the raft compartments. They knew the planes would be back but they also realized it might be hours.

The day grew hotter and hotter, and the wait proved even longer than they had anticipated. Platz found some sunburn lotion and rubbed it gently into his wounds. Hours passed. The two men sprawled on their rafts and waited.

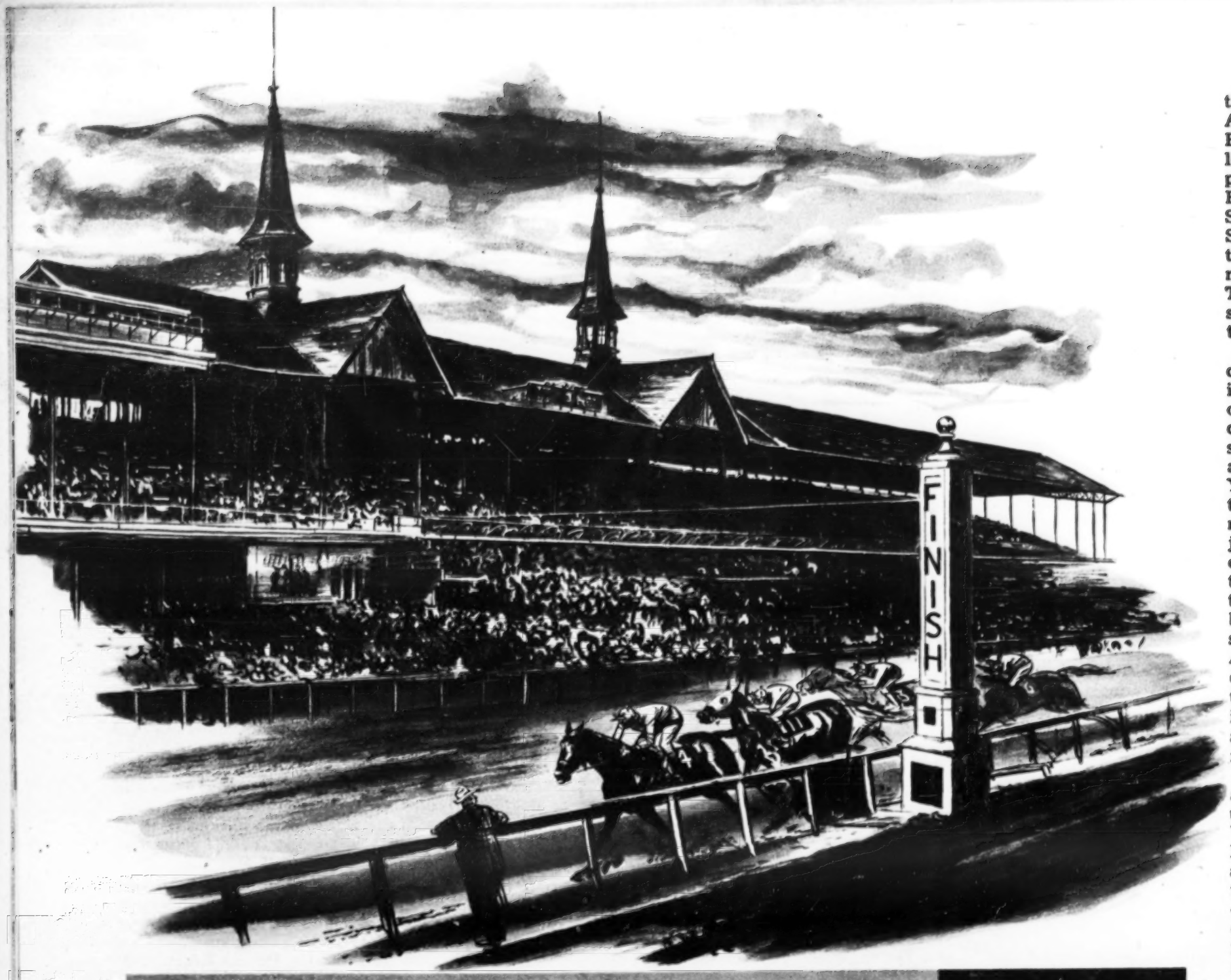
About noon, Babcock thought he heard someone swimming toward the rafts. He propped himself up and scanned the water. About three swells away he saw something that made him gasp and call to Platz. They both sat up and stared incredulously: it was a Jap aviator swimming frantically toward them.

"We didn't know what to do," Platz says. "As he got closer, we realized it was no optical illusion. We could see his fat round face, slanted eyes, thin mustache and cropped hair. He was waving a pistol in one hand."

The two Americans had only a hunting knife. They grabbed for their paddles and began pushing away as strongly as they could.

"The swells kept bringing him closer," says Babcock. "We didn't stop to figure that his gun was probably so wet it wouldn't fire. We paddled hard and gradually pulled away from him. Finally the Jap became tired out, and we could see him inflate his trousers and use them as a float. Soon we lost sight of him."

About 1600 hours an OS2U (Kingfisher) dropped from the sky and skidded over them. The flying boat had already picked up a fighter pilot, but Platz and Babcock were taken aboard until another Kingfisher swooped down to share the load. Babcock was transferred to it, and the two planes returned to the U. S. fleet off Saipan. The adventure was over.



LOUISVILLE, Ky.

HOME TOWNS IN WARTIME

By Cpl. JAMES B. GOBLE
YANK Staff Writer

LOUISVILLE, KY.—Everybody works in this war-swollen city. For a while there was even talk about closing the county jail; there weren't enough prisoners to pay for its upkeep. Everybody apparently was too busy to raise hell, and, besides, you couldn't buy a bottle of bourbon any place in town.

War plants have sprung up like mushrooms. There's Rubbertown at the south of the city, where Goodrich, Du Pont and other concerns manufacture synthetic rubber. Not far away are the Curtiss-Wright and Vultee airplane plants, and across the Ohio River in Indiana the Charlestown powder plant lights the northern sky. The old stand-bys are engaged in war work, too. The Reynolds metal plants, scattered throughout the city, produce aluminum. Tube Turns helps make artillery. The distilleries produce high-proof alcohol instead of bourbon. The boat works over at Jeffersonville, Ind., has built so many LSTs that long ago it ran out of the champagne and ribbon for launchings.

Workers flocking to the war plants have increased metropolitan Louisville's population approximately 12.5 percent since 1940. The latest Census Bureau figure was 508,718. Not all the people who come here to work are able to find living quarters. Apartment seekers have been known to stop moving vans and ask the drivers where they came from, and the story is told of one who attended a funeral just to learn the location of the deceased's vacant house. Want ads appear in the *Courier-Journal* and the *Louisville Times*, offering rewards of $50 for information about houses for rent. Frequently houses are sold—for 25 percent more than their pre-war value, but seldom are any advertised for rent. Housing projects and new subdivisions in South Louisville have helped ease the strain, but it still isn't easy to find a place to live.

War workers alone didn't cause the housing shortage. Many houses and apartments are rented by married soldiers stationed at Bowman Field on the city's outskirts and at huge, sprawling Fort Knox, 32 miles away. Early each morning US 32 is thick with traffic moving in the southbound lane toward Fort Knox. Each evening the northbound lane is almost solid with cars moving back toward Louisville.

On 4th Street, the "main drag," you can see almost as many soldiers as civilians. Occasionally you see one of the sailors assigned to studies at the University of Louisville, or a Wac from Fort Knox or Bowman Field. Sometimes you pass a Coast Guardsman from the station on the river front. Before the war Louisville's Coast Guard station was publicized as the only inland one in the nation.

Even if there were no servicemen on 4th Street, you could still tell a war was on. Many women wear war workers' badges—and slacks. (You always saw slacks in the suburbs before the war, but never downtown.) Every other taxicab is driven by a woman. Women also operate the street cars on the Oak and 2d Street lines. Frequently you see old men wearing Western Union badges. There are about 25 of them, hired to replace some of the 18- and 19-year-olds who were drafted. William Henry Walls of 302 West Jefferson went to work for Western Union after the paper shortage hurt his newsstand business at 3d and Broadway. He has a son, Sgt. John Walls, with the Engineers in Italy. Alfred Langham, 57, of 620 Ervay, who is a records clerk for the K & I Railroad from 3 to 11 P.M., started working for Western Union mornings to reduce weight, and he lost 20 pounds in a year.

The appearance of 4th Street itself has changed very little, except that they finally tore down "Starling Roost," the old Federal Building between Chestnut and Guthrie, and replaced it with a park. Folks still stand in line at Loew's, the Rialto and the Mary Ann to see movies. The Brown and Seelbach Hotel lobbies are still the meeting places for everybody. Jutt's Bar, the Canary Cottage, Stewart's and Kaufman-Straus are more crowded than ever. Every Monday night is like Derby Eve. That's because the stores stay open until 9 P.M. for the war workers' benefit.

Juvenile delinquency is ceasing to be an outstanding problem, partly because of Gremlin Corner, a "night club" for teen-agers. It was set up in a large gymnasium at 26th and Oak by the Youth Recreation Committee and financed with Community Chest funds. There juveniles, both plain and delinquent, whoop it up at the coke bar, at the pool tables and around the juke box. Some nights the club stays open until midnight. And it's okay to smoke, only don't bring your butt on the dance floor. The club is credited with bringing an armistice between two rival juvenile gangs.

The regular night spots are still at it. Things are as usual at the Madrid, Gypsy Village, Colonial Gardens, Derby Inn, Trianon, Oasis and Joe Lurding's, except that Joe is having the second floor of his building converted into apartments for war workers. You might not get a drink of bourbon whenever you want it, but there's always some blended stock on hand. You won't see many cars parked around the night spots; lots of folks go celebrating via trolley bus or tram. And most of them drink a little and go home early.

Everybody from everywhere still comes to the Derby. Officials of the OPA reported 325 automobiles from 25 states were seen last Derby Day, despite warnings to motorists to stay at home. A record $2,144,620 was bet during the day, almost $50,000 more than the previous high established in 1926 when Bubbling Over came home first. This year's Derby was won by Warren Wright's Pensive with Conn McCreary aboard.

THERE's hardly a block in the city that hasn't sent more than one man off to war. There's Marine Sgt. Gilbert McIntosh, 4307 Vermont, veteran of nine battles in the South Pacific, who was awarded the Silver Star for gallantry at Guadalcanal. There's Sgt. Paul Wigginton, 1516 Ormsby, with the Air Corps in India, who was awarded the DFC and Air Medal. There's Sgt. Arthur Kinsella, 3618 Larkwood, who was cited for saving two soldiers from a burning truck in Italy. There's Capt. William Harrison, 1414 Eastern Parkway, holder of the Silver Star and the DSC, who escaped from an Italian prison camp, and there's Lt. Martin Neel Jr., 361 Hillcrest, who has made at least 25 raids over Germany. They are only a few among many.

Louisville is proud of its servicemen, and if you chat with anybody long enough, he soon will be telling you about his son, or his neighbor's son, and what he is doing in France or New Guinea. On the Courthouse lawn there is a white monument painted with the names of more than 250 servicemen. The names aren't arranged in alphabetical order. They go like this:

Fireman 3c Lentil Watkins, formerly of 443 East Jefferson.
Pvt. Herman Johnson, formerly of 945 Franklin.
Metalsmith 1c George S. Sikking, formerly of 1011 Lampton.
Marine 1st Lt. Giles Smith Jr., formerly of 911 Reasor.

They go on and on—the names of Louisville's real heroes in this war. They are the guys who won't come back.

TIME EXPOSURE TRACES SERIES OF EXPLOSIONS THAT PROPEL ROCKET BOMB.

IN SOUTHERN ENGLAND, PILOTLESS BOMB STRIKES BLINDLY, DESTROYS A HOME.

Buzz-Bomb Blitz

By Sgt. FRANCIS BURKE
YANK Staff Correspondent

LONDON [By Cable]—GIs with desk jobs here in the city have been wearing their European Theater ribbons a little bit more proudly than usual since Adolf Hitler started to smash southern England with his weird robot bombs.

Nervously dodging the day and night attacks of these pilotless planes of destruction, they smile and make wisecracks about "those limited-service men at the front in Normandy."

As a matter of fact, one American officer who returned here the other day from Normandy says that many parts of the front lines in France are much more peaceful than London is right now. And the number of British soldiers lost in the first week of the invasion was less than the number of civilians killed during the first 21 days of the robot bombings. In those three weeks, 2,752 persons were killed and 8,000 were hospitalized.

GIs in London have learned to go on with their normal duties and still keep one ear open for the arrival of a buzz bomb in their neighborhood. Like the British, they now know how to tell from the sound approximately where the bomb will land. If it sounds close, they forget their military dignity and get the hell under cover quick.

The robot bomb in flight is a fearful spectacle. In the daytime it is a long graceful streak of brown and by night it is a speeding dart with a flaming tail. The sound begins in the distance like a low mutter and then gets louder until it roars like an outboard motor. Vibrations shake floors and rattle windows — and the nerves of everybody waiting below.

You catch your breath when the noise stops. That means the robot's fuel is exhausted and it is about to drop. Sometimes it goes straight down and sometimes it glides on a few more miles.

When the bomb hits, the results are sometimes freakish. Buildings are shattered, but some windows don't even crack. A few people in a group get badly shocked and others are not even dazed. One American soldier says he was tossed head over heels by an explosion and landed against the side of a building. He looked down and saw a bunch of flowers resting on his chest.

GIs and Wacs who have seen their American friends killed in robot bombings feel that there is something uncivilized about this kind of warfare. One Wac private was telling me about some soldiers who were killed outside her billet. They were climbing into a truck when the buzz bomb landed. There was nothing left of the truck except a few small pieces of metal and some bits of rubber from the tires. "It seemed more like murder than war," the Wac said.

A British charlady, describing the bombing of a maternity hospital, said: "I'd like to knife whoever is sending over them things. One woman I know and her 3-year-old baby girl were killed there. This is worse than the blitz. In those days we knew when they were coming and when they were going away. But not now."

Despite the destruction that the robot bombs have spread, the authorities here feel that this new weapon has no great military importance and won't make much difference in the war. Some famous landmarks have been hit—an annex of the Regent Palace Hotel near Piccadilly Circus, the majestic Guards Chapel at Wellington Barracks and the Bankruptcy Court. But utilities have only been slightly affected, and the bombs have been too scattered to do any real strategic damage.

IRONICALLY enough, the new German weapon is probably the best thing that ever happened to Anglo-American relations.

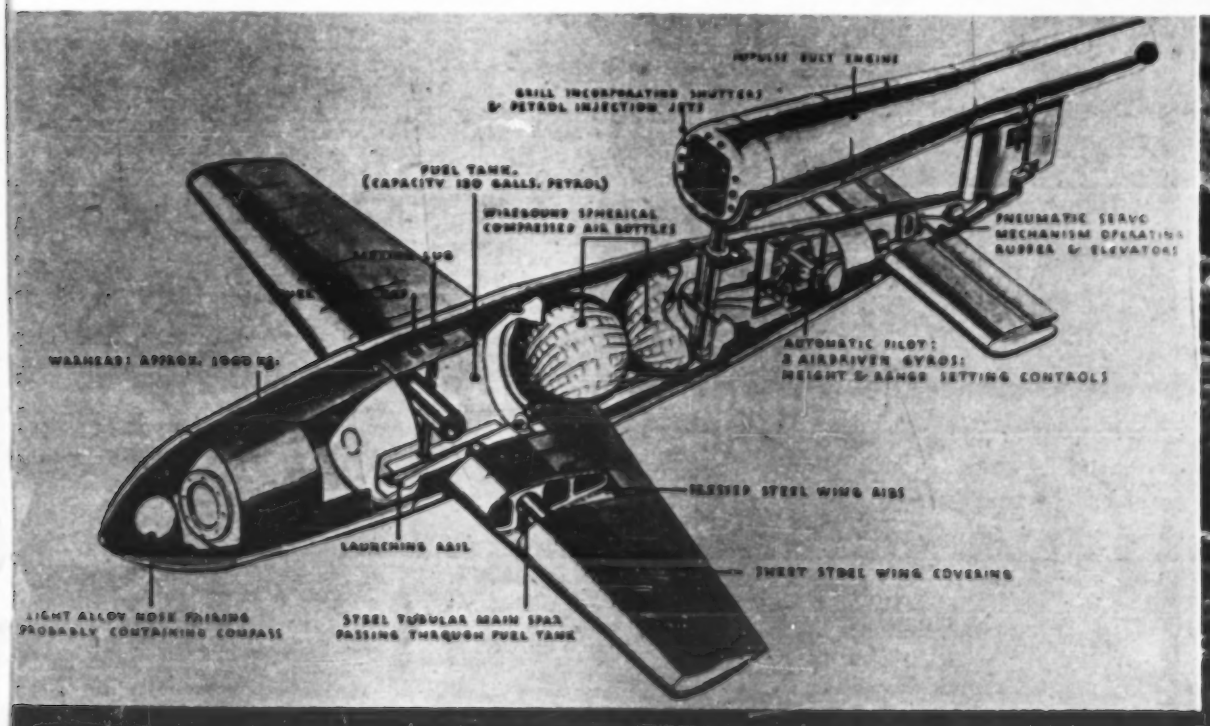
It has made Americans here realize and appreciate what the British people endured in the early days of the war. They know now what it is to spend an evening in a damp crowded bomb shelter or subway platform. A tech sergeant, who used to think stories about the blitzing of London schools, hospitals and churches were just so much propaganda, changed his mind a few days ago. He was routed from his bed by a robot-bomb blast and dashed downstairs in time to carry wounded nuns from a shattered convent.

On the other hand, the London newspapers carry many letters praising the Americans for the way they have helped British civilians during the bombings. One woman, writing about the speed and tenderness with which Americans evacuate the wounded, remarked: "No job seems too much for the Yanks."

During the bombings, many Americans have struck up friendships with British people whom they would never have met under normal conditions. Forced to spend hours together in bomb shelters, the GIs and the British civilians have plenty of time to explain their respective customs, likes and dislikes and to clear up misunderstandings. They find, to their surprise, that they have many similar ideas about what they want after the war.

The Americans can't get over the calm courage and cheerfulness that the British people maintain during the worst moments of the bombings. There is one cleaning woman here, for instance, who jokingly calls the robots "Bob Hope bombs."

"When they come," she grins, "you bob down. And then hope for the best."


IMPULSE DUCT ENGINE
GRILL INCORPORATING SHUTTERS & PETROL INJECTION JETS
FUEL TANK. (CAPACITY 150 GALLS. PETROL)
WIRE-BOUND SPHERICAL COMPRESSED AIR BOTTLES
PNEUMATIC SERVO MECHANISM OPERATING RUDDER & ELEVATORS
AUTOMATIC PILOT: 3 AIR-DRIVEN GYROS: HEIGHT & RANGE SETTING CONTROLS
WARHEAD: APPROX. 1000 KG.
PRESSED STEEL WING RIBS
LAUNCHING RAIL
INVERT STEEL WING COVERING
LIGHT ALLOY NOSE FAIRING PROBABLY CONTAINING COMPASS
STEEL TUBULAR MAIN SPAR PASSING THROUGH FUEL TANK

BUZZ-BOMB MECHANISM DIAGRAM, AS RECONSTRUCTED FROM REMAINS OF MANY.

THIS BOMB FAILED TO EXPLODE. OTHERS HAVE BEEN SHOT DOWN BY THE RAF.

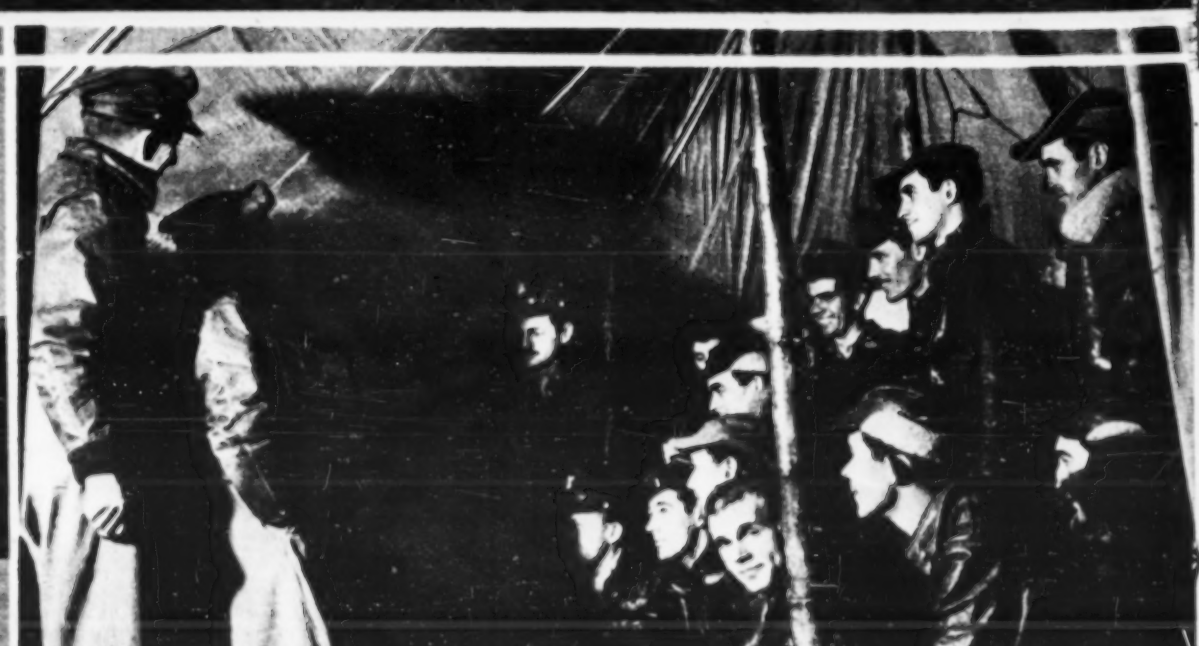
Flyers of the Aegean patrol live in this African camp of British Bombay tents.

Abandoned truck is darkroom for intelligence photos taken over the Aegean.

Lt. Richard (Stinky) Davis, a B-25 pilot, bucks the 40-mile desert dust storm at his outfit's base. He carries his seat, a broken-down old petrol tin, with him.

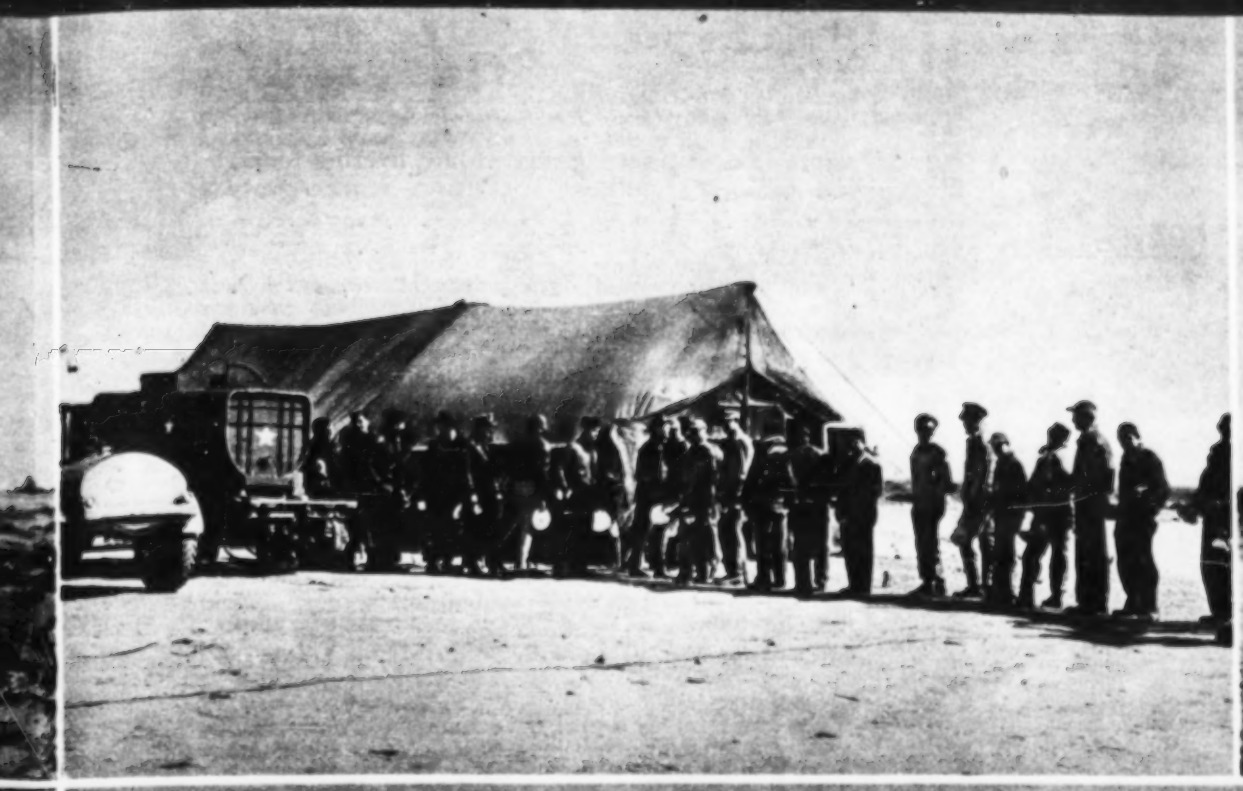
American B-25 Mitchell fighter-bombers [illegible] Air units in patrolling the crowded Aegean Sea. Heavily armed and crammed with bombs, their job is to clear enemy shipping from the waters that lap at Greece, Crete and the Turkish coast. YANK's Sgt. Steve Derry made these shots of the men who blast the German Caiques.

The crews unload from a British lorry at the field where their bombers wait



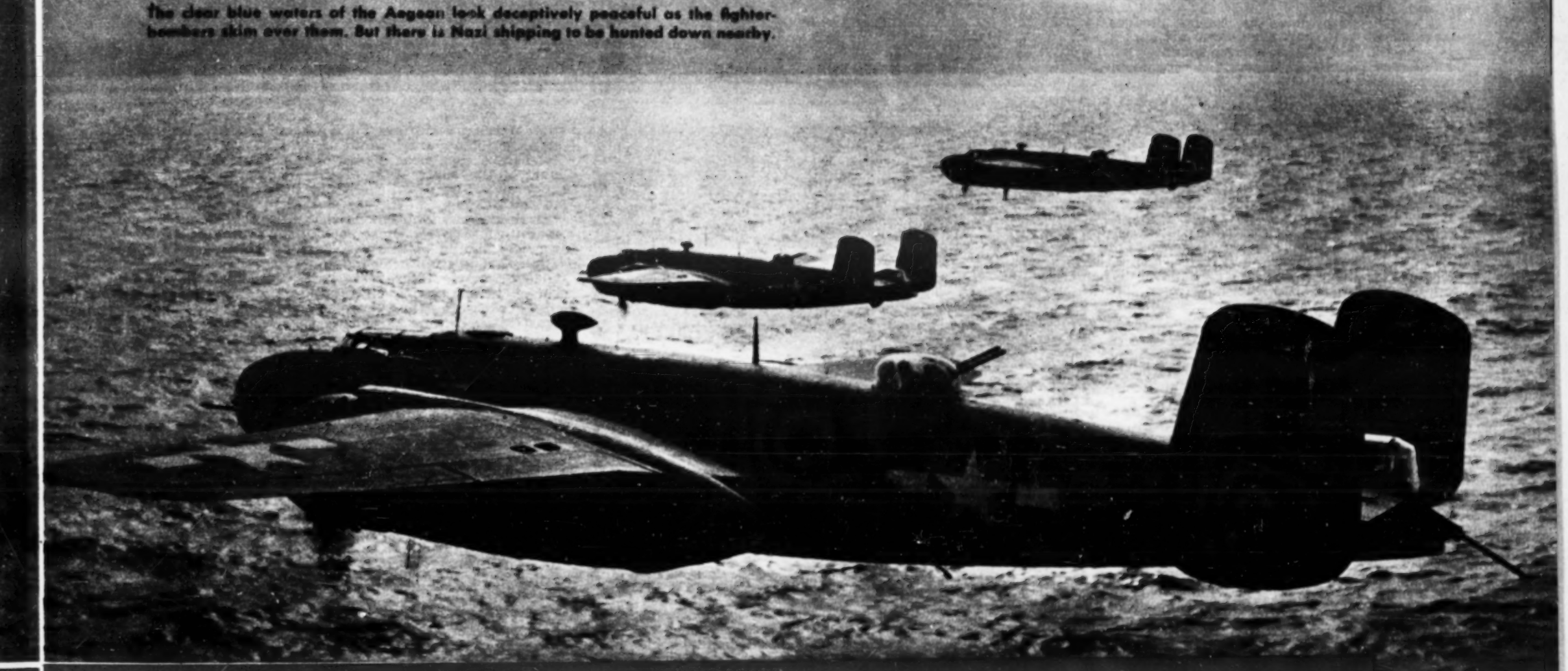
All the bomber crewmen get together in a tent for briefing before a mission.

Officers and men buck the same winding line to the mess tent in this outfit

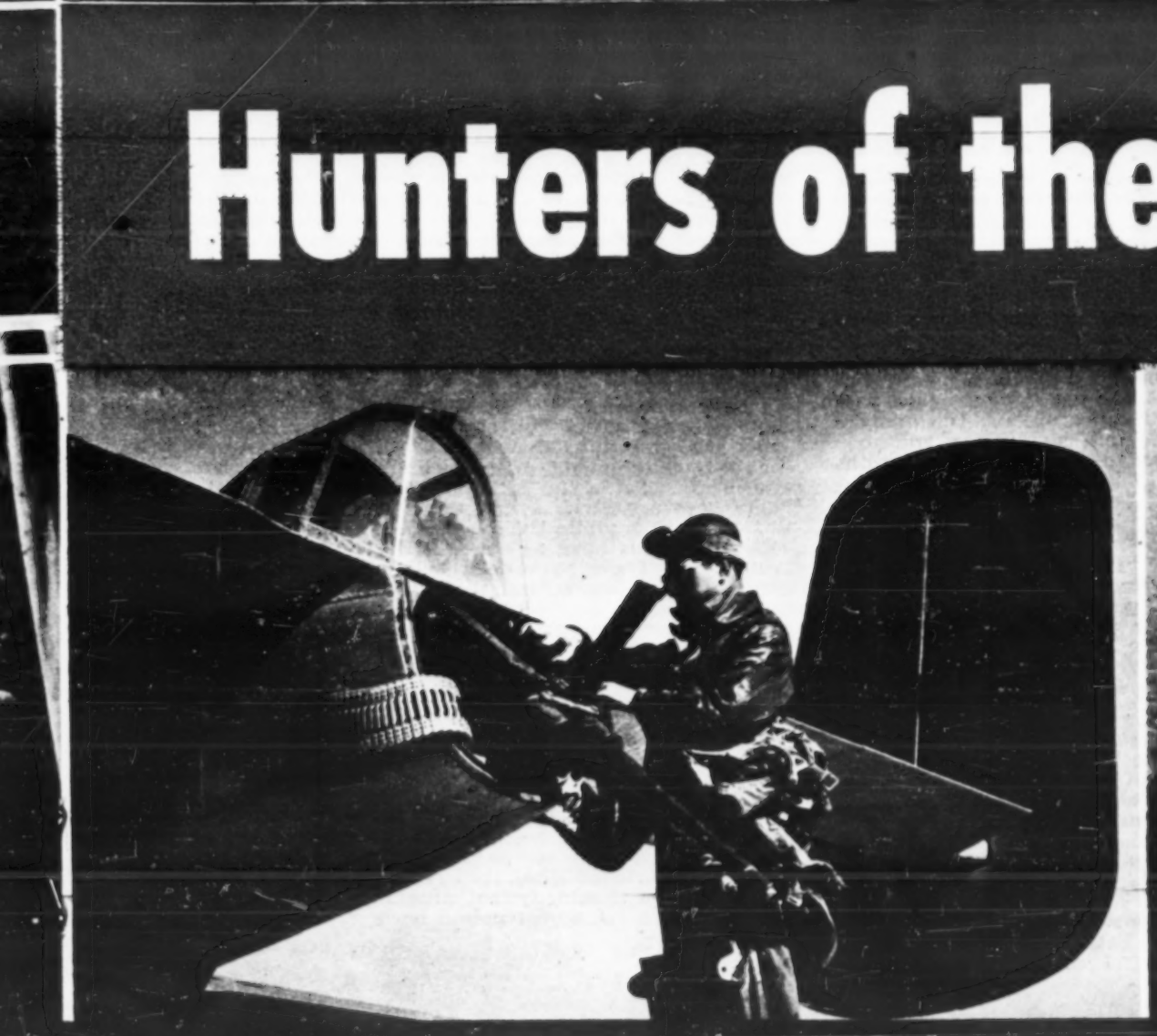


An improvised fire under a British petrol tin is all they need for washday

The clear blue waters of the Aegean look deceptively peaceful as the fighter-bombers skim over them. But there is Nazi shipping to be hunted down nearby.



Hunters of the Aegean



Tail gunner loads his two .50-cal machine guns before taking off over the sea

Skip-bombing pay-off with a direct hit on this 500-ton enemy cargo vessel

MAIL CALL

Franco

Dear YANK:

This war was engaged in by the United Nations because free men had to abolish enslaving and tyrannical governments to preserve what freedom was left in the world. It was a war not merely against fascist Germany and Japan and Italy, but against the whole principle of fascist or vandalistic government, whenever and wherever it should occur. . . . Prime Minister Winston Churchill has now suggested that Franco's fascist government in Spain is "different" from the others in that, though exporting to the fascist powers, it never attacked us and, furthermore, did not "interfere" with our use of Gibraltar. The International Brigades who fought that awful and losing fight for free Spain died in the hope that Spain, as now we hope for France, would live again in liberty. . . . But Spain, in spite of the brave International Brigades, passed into tyrants' hands. . . . The International Brigades fought in Spain against Franco's fascist armies, which were supplied and backed by the Nazis and by fascist Italy. Now, instead of International Brigades, it is the great Allied armies of Russia, America and the British commonwealth of nations—a mighty International Brigade indeed—against slavery and oppression.

Let us not compromise our solemn pledges by dishonest words and betrayal of our principles. Let us firmly assert that Franco's government shall be disbanded and Spain returned to her people's rule through a free plebiscite.

Halloran General Hospital N. Y. —Pfc. CHARLES A. MUSES

Washers

Dear YANK:

In *Strictly GI* recently an item about the 36th (Texas) Division devising a new game called washers was correct in every detail except for the words "devised" and "new." I don't doubt it helps relieve the process of hurry-up-and-wait, but I assure you—and the 36th will agree with me—that it is definitely not a new game. It was devised from a game the old-timers used to play called "silver dollars." When silver dollars became scarce, washers were substituted. Otherwise the game is the same.

Scott Field, Ill. —Pvt. JAMES R. HILL

Dear YANK:

. . . Friends, I am a native Texan who has probably tossed more washers than you have marbles. No kidding, for 20 years or more that I know of, all the lower-grade schools around Fort Worth were pock-marked with washer holes. And I can well remember that one of my bloodiest schoolboy fights started when my buddy and I moved into the shade of a building to play washers and didn't leave any room for the other kids to play marbles.

I just wanted you to know where you can get off with this washer-game-devising stuff.

Southwest Pacific —Sgt. JAMES W. BATES

Dear YANK:

. . . I left northern Louisiana back in 1933 and went to the south-central part, and while I was there the young French boys I was going to school with played washers. Instead of calling the game washers, though, they called it *pollay*. . . .

De Witt General Hospital, Calif. —Pvt. THOMAS J. HEARD

■ Okay. OKAY.

Civilians

Dear YANK:

It has come to our somewhat startled attention that the home front is shamelessly relaxing on the war effort. In a recent issue of a picture magazine there appeared revolting photos of an utterly "forget the war" spectacle at Miami, Fla., where literally thousands of vacationists pack the sunny city in search of race tracks, cool drinks, spicy shows and radiant sunshine, mindless of we who merely exist in our humble tents. Lonely wives who wish to visit their soldier-husbands are unable to because these pleasure-seekers occupy all available places of abode. War Bond booths close early (or do not open at all) because the race tracks are far more enticing and, to those who are lucky, they pay ready cash. I wonder what a proud father would say if he had just put $18.75 on the nose of a horse and then received word from the War Department that "we regret to inform you that your son was killed in action?" . . .

Funny how people just don't think any more. . . .

Britain —Pfc. THOMAS E. MEEK*

*Also signed by Sgts. Ronald R. Coleman and Leroy C. Barth, Cpls. Richard H. Little and Salvatore H. Manganaro, and Pfc. William Clubough.

Dear YANK:

Lt. Tom Harmon has been quoted as telling a Detroit audience that he was ashamed of them and what they needed was a first-class bombing raid. Such a statement, especially coming from a man as high in public regard as Lt. Harmon, makes us burn. Prior to coming overseas, we had ample opportunity to observe civilians and gain a pretty fair idea of their feelings and attitudes. Civilians are accused of "not knowing there is a war on," but is there a family, a civilian, in the States who isn't worried about the fate of a friend or loved one overseas? What opportunity do they have for proving sincerity outside of doing their job, taking volunteer defense tasks and putting every cent they can spare into bonds? Maybe the people we know are exceptional, but we doubt it. They, and we believe the great mass of civilians, are doing these unspectacular things. A few are complaining, patronizing the black market, etc., and the whole people are maligned for it. How many soldiers are shameless goldbricks? Back to Lt. Harmon—why are we over here if not to prevent our homes from ever feeling a "first-class bombing raid"?

New Caledonia —Pfc. DONALD R. HARKNESS*

**Also signed by Pfc. Sam Bibler.

Lines

Dear YANK:

In a recent issue YANK featured lovely pin-up Sheila Ryan perched atop the hood of an automobile, but being automotive men we were drawn to notice the exquisite lines of the partly hidden vehicle. Miss Ryan leaves no room for disagreement as to the type and model that she is, but we don't quite agree as to what make the automobile is. Enlighten us.

Alaska —Pvt. PHILIP E. LASS*

*Also signed by S/Sgt. Warren, Sgt. Saul, T-4 Weckbecker, T-3s Pullman, Gavin, Martin and Fox, and Pvt. Cravin.

■ It looks like a Lincoln Continental.

Reward

Dear YANK:

It was reported several months ago that six infantrymen went AWOL from behind the lines in North Africa to get into the scrap. They were given several months in a detention camp for their trouble. Today the radio is singing the praises of a colonel who went AWOL from England in a troop transport plane and parachuted in France. He was gone from his post for 48 hours. He is to be given the Silver Star for his "act of valor." What gives?

Camp Crowder, Mo. —Pvt. R. E. PLUMMER*

*Also signed by Pvts. J. D. Grossamt, E. W. Bennett, Edward A. Pettit, John Tringo, Melvin L. Boom, Maurice E. Grubka, Raymond M. Coson and John H. Berg.

Montgomery Ward

Dear YANK:

News From Home presented the Montgomery Ward argument with the War Labor Board very impartially in YANK. That is more than can be said for most of our so-called newspapers. From the big daily papers to the country weeklies our papers never pass up a chance to smear the labor unions. Too many a GI has fallen hook, line and sinker for antilabor bait of big business newspapers. Working conditions at home are *our* problem now.

Britain —Pfc. E. R. FURBUR

Dear YANK:

. . . Sewell Avery said: "They can't do this to me," but Uncle Sam did. Just shows you our Government hasn't let you down. It is just backing up for a new start that will bring us all home soon.

Fort Ord, Calif. —Sgt. JOHN F. HAMLETT

Dear YANK:

Your article concerning the Government's seizure of Montgomery Ward is one of the most sickening pieces of news from home I've read in a long time. Maybe I'm uninformed, but I was under the impression that what we went to war for was to protect private citizens and private enterprise from armed control by the state. . . . So thoroughly have the forces of labor terrorized the Government that in its efforts to please the CIO it has abrogated the very tenets of democracy which men are dying to uphold. Montgomery Ward is a powerful and historic concern, which has played no little part in the development of our country. There are few businesses so typically American, and if this one can so easily be taken over by the processes of American law, it would seem to prove that a lot of us have a mistaken impression of the freedoms we are fighting for.

New Guinea —Pfc. RUTHERFORD DAY

Dear YANK:

. . . Too many newspapers have axes to grind and report the news and write editorials to serve their own purposes. Take the Montgomery Ward case for example. The commotion raised by the press and radio is so much humbug. In civilian life I was an attorney who represented trade unions in New York City. The issues involved in the case, stripped of its verbiage, aren't difficult to understand. The union and management had a controversy which the management refused to try to solve. The WLB composed of members of the public, labor and management referred the case to the President for action. If the President did not act, that meant that labor unions and management could disregard the WLB with impunity. The result is obvious. And yet our press has seen fit to chastise the President on a most logical step he took. . . .

Camp Shelby Miss. —Sgt. SIDNEY FOX

Dear YANK:

The boys in my outfit are wondering if those GIs who established the beachhead in Montgomery Ward's in Chicago are classed as combat troops?

South Pacific —T-5 GEORGE W. MILLER

Merchant Marine

Dear YANK:

It is a pet peeve, among the many who have observed it, that GIs salute civilians who make overly high wages, who cheat on overly high wages, who cheat on overtime, who stretch "coffee time" and who give sailors and soldiers a bad time. I refer to the Merchant Marine. I have seen them more than once insist on a GI saluting them. True, their uniforms are such near copies of the Navy that a large part of the Navy, most of the Army and all of the general public are misled into thinking they belong to the Navy.

I think it is outrageous that this almost only remaining haven for those seeking to avoid the armed services should be allowed to wear what passes as a fighting man's uniform and take all the privileges of cheaper movie rates, train rates, etc., that they can chisel while refusing any of the obligations or discipline that goes with a uniform. The fact is they spend most of their time criticizing the job being done by the armed forces. . . . Yet even you say "so and so enlisted in the Merchant Marine" in the same breath as that mentioning a fighting man joining the U. S. Marines. Stop it. Print this in retribution.

FPO, San Francisco, Calif. —Lt. (jg) BERGEN VAN BRUNT*

*Also signed by Harold E. Nelson GM3c.

■ The men of the Merchant Marine need no champion, but just in case there may be others who second the lieutenant's sentiments YANK cites as one clear-cut proof of the Merchant Marine's all-out participation in the war the fact that the percentage of merchant seamen who have lost their lives since we entered the war is 10 times greater than the percentage of men killed in all of the armed forces together.

Swastika in the U. S.

Dear YANK:

In a recent issue of YANK a letter was published, written by Pfc. Dave Weis of Camp McCoy, Wis., in which he protested against Nazi prisoners of war wearing armband swastikas. I am by no means an Axis sympathizer, but why should not a Nazi soldier wear a Nazi swastika? Would not American prisoners of war in Germany protest if some specific part of their uniform were banned? If they wouldn't, they should. There is no soldier fighting for his country because he thinks his country is wrong, whether that country be Germany, Japan, Russia, Britain or the United States; therefore, I believe that all soldiers, regardless of the country—Allied, neutral or Axis—should be allowed to wear the uniform of his country.

Canada —Cpl. M. F. WILLOUGHBY

Prisoners

Dear YANK:

I have come near writing several times, as I sometimes wonder at the run of things as do millions of other GIs. One thing that holds me in wonderment is the treatment among prisoners of war on our part and on the part of the Axis powers. . . . Enemy prisoners here are given every respect except the privilege of voting, while the men that we have in prison camps overseas have to beg in their letters for cigarettes. . . . There have been soldiers returned from enemy prison camps, and the tales they can tell of treatment in no way compare with the treatment of prisoners we hold here. It hurts them to come here and see the way treatment is rendered to those whom they gave their all to capture. . . . I was always led to believe that war was on an eye-for-an-eye basis, but now I ask you, is it? . . .

William Beaumont General Hospital, Tex. —M/Sgt. G. KNOX

Dear YANK:

I have a plan for improving the conditions in German prison camps. The German soldiers imprisoned here are well fed and are getting fat while the Allied soldiers in German camps are looking pretty slim and undernourished when they return home. The best way I know of to remedy that situation is to exchange prisoners on a pound-for-pound basis.

Tyndall Field, Fla. —S/Sgt. BOB MARKER

What Will You WEAR After the War?

The fashion revolt will be against any clothing that smacks of regimentation.

Tailored by Sgt. AL HINE
Accessories by Sgt. RALPH STEIN

WHAT kind of clothes will the discharged veteran wear? This question and a few crumbs of tobacco are on every lip in the men's cloak-and-suit industry today.

The first reaction of the dud-starved doggie, according to M. D. C. Crawford, fashion authority of *Men's Wear*, will be to dress to the hilt. Color will splash madly about his frame, setting even service ribbons in the shade. Any color that has any slightest resemblance to khaki or OD, whether it be sand beige or deep chocolate, will be taboo. But there's an open palette on everything else.

Not only will the freed warrior go for color. He will also embrace fancier tailoring, looser cut and more comfortable fit. In some cases this may go to an extreme of zootism; in others it may leave him with little more than a pair of pajamas.

One authority—Tony Williams, the tailor who pioneered the purple dinner jacket—mentions a movement toward nudism. First the women will strip, the little darlings, and then the men. This whole development, however, is dependent upon the improvement and perfection of central heating in the house of the future.

Getting back to Mr. Crawford, who has seen a couple of wars and the changes after them, he gives us another forecast—that, after the first wave of dressing up like a civilian version of Hermann Goering, the veteran will turn to "dress for function." This simply means that when the good wife takes you out in the evening, she will force you into combinations more formal than ever, but when you go to the office, the club or the neighborhood pub, you will dress differently to fit each specific operation.

Carried out logically, this means a new uniform for every job. You will wear a soup-resistant vest at dinner for the first course and then slip into a tomato-colored jerkin immediately if spaghetti is to follow. Serious drinking will require something comfortable, padded and easy to fall down in. In subway rush hours the belt will be replaced with a circlet of spikes that will assure you room to read your evening paper unmolested in the rowdiest of crowds. Farmers who have adopted the jeep will have padded cushions on their cabooses to absorb the vehicle's famous bounce.

This tailoring for function will come into its wildest extremes as it fits in with the futuristic innovations of post-war housing and transportation. The man who lives in a transparent lucite house would do well to wear a foolproof camouflage garment when he takes his weekly bath in full view of neighbors and passers-by. The helicopter commuter might sport a detachable umbrella on his hat to ward off the depredations of high-flying birds.

This question of hats happens to be a ticklish one. The happy hat makers are sure that GIs, having been forced to wear some variety of noggin protection all their outdoor Army life, will never lose the habit. Some even think that the variety of Army headgear, from tropic topee to Arctic ear-warmer, will make hats functional, too, and that no well-dressed veteran will think of wearing the same brand of Kelly to a cocktail lounge as to the stock exchange.

A cynical minority claims the soldier will be sick unto death of covering his head. According to this school, the veteran will let his hair grow waist long in revolt against the GI haircut and wear no hat at all, summer or winter.

Coats, also, are questionable. While the wife can be depended upon to get hubby into some kind of strait jacket when he takes her to the movies, it's a moot and even zoot question as to whether he'll bother with anything above the waist but a shirt in the daytime. The comfort of GI cottons in the summer, their lack of bother in shucking and restoring a jacket every six minutes, may turn the doggie against coats for keeps. And don't think this doesn't have the cloak-and-suit boys worried. They'll probably come out with a light silk cloak of many colors and tell you in full-page ads that you'd be a boor to be caught dead without one.

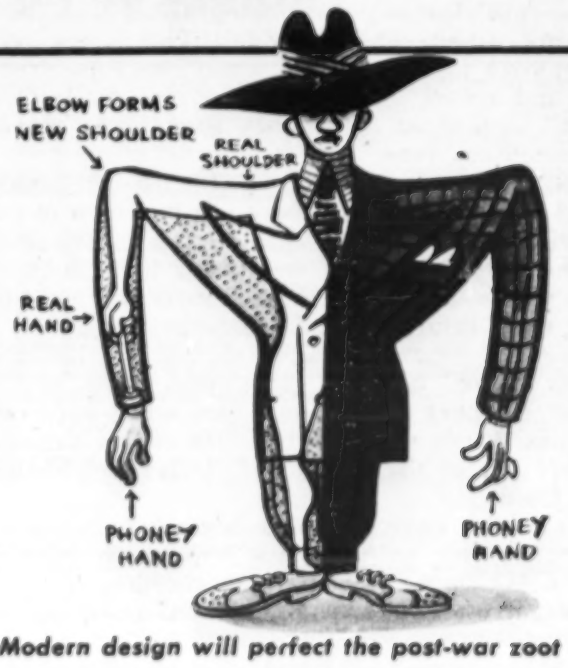
The biggest number of innovations, according to Mr. Crawford, are expected to come from abroad, where we are running into local fashion trends. Before the last war, anyone who wore a wristwatch was suspected of being a trifle queer. By the time the war was over we had lifted from the British not only the wristwatch, but wool socks, low shoes, mufflers and slacks.

This time we can borrow from the British and from the whole world besides. There is the pouch of the Down Under kangaroo for stowing away keys and loose change. There are the mad beret of the French Navy and the turban of the Sikh. There are the white kilts of the Free Greeks and the flowing robe of the Iranian mullah. There are the loin cloth of the Gold Coast Negro and the feathered robe of the royal Hawaiian.

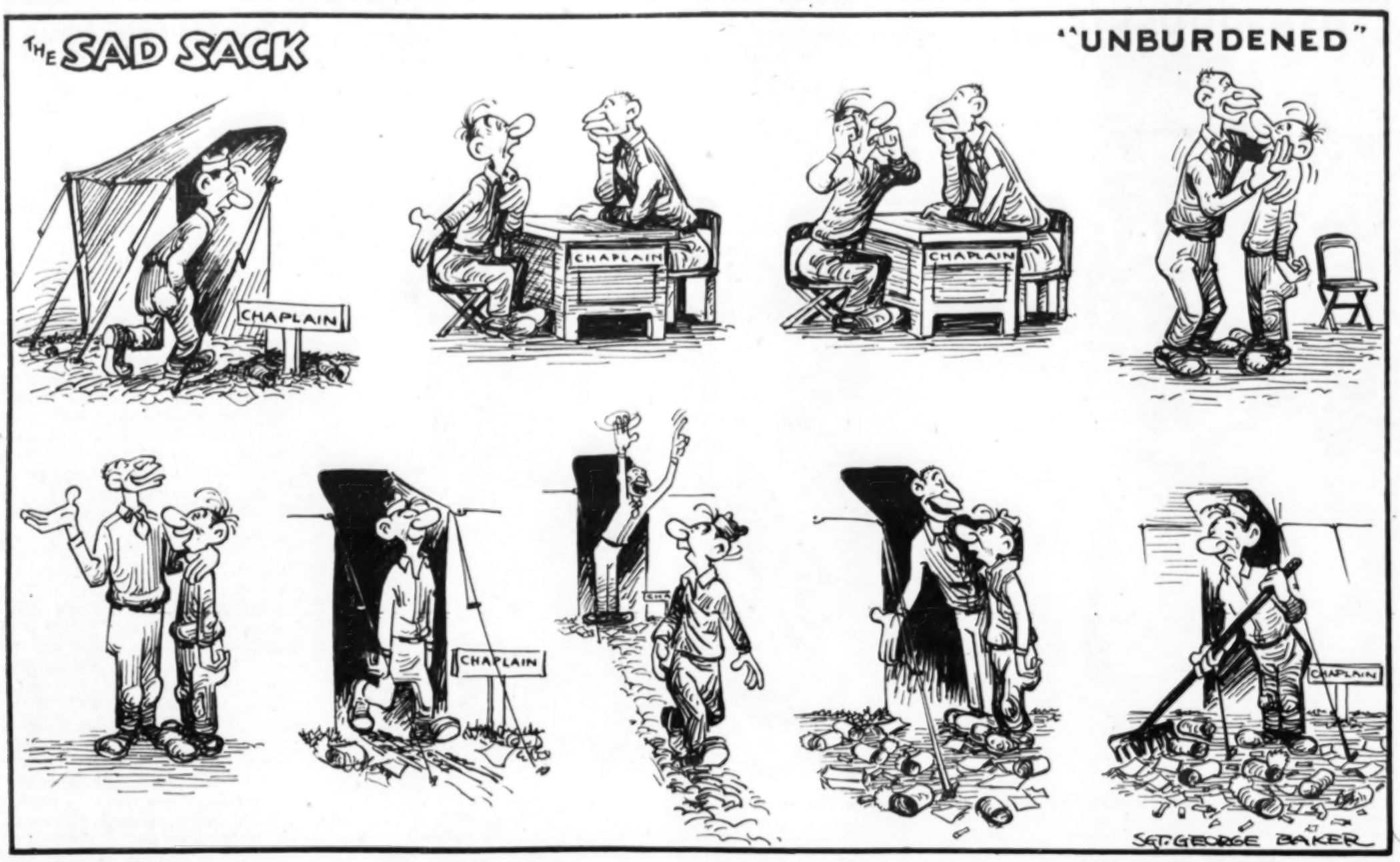
The uniforms Uncle allows us to keep will spend their time among mothballs. Years later we may dig them out to frighten the children, and then we'll find in an unopened envelope in the hip pocket that deferment notice we never received in time from the draft board.

"I said NO BROWN!"

It will be hard to tell what rank we held unless we retain insignia on our civvies.



Modern design will perfect the post-war zoot suit.



LIFE
Goes to a Party

By Sgt. RAY DUNCAN

THE ALEUTIANS—We seldom see *Life* up here. Mac got the June 5 issue after searching 30 miles on a dogsled, and he had to slip a native four Good Conduct ribbons for it.

Mac was lying on his bunk, reading his *Life*, while the rest of us stared at him in envy. Suddenly the magazine dropped from his grasp. He cupped one hand over his mouth and ran for the latrine.

I grabbed the open magazine to see what troubled Mac. It was a series of pictures called "Life Goes to a Bicycle Party for GIs." One page showed a movie actress welcoming five handsome soldiers to her house. She stood in the doorway, turned three-quarters from the camera, a position which accidentally showed her figure to advantage.

Then the soldiers and starlets went for a bike ride—and guess what happened? Ooops, they took a spill! Luckily the photographer was there with his camera when they fell. Things got even wilder back home later on, when everyone drank beer and cokes. "To make it a real Hollywood party," whispered *Life*, "they shot craps, played slot machines free."

That party happened some time ago, and maybe it's better that way. There are five men in our hut who hope to return to the States pretty soon, for the first time in 27 months. I hate to think what might happen if Mac, Slim, Vic, Fred and Tony were invited to a GI bicycle party.

"Say there, colonel," says this man in the checkered sport coat, "how'd you and your buddies like to go on a party?" He steers the five soldiers out of the stream of Hollywood Boulevard traffic.

"I ain't no colonel," Mac begins.

"That's okay, colonel. Just hop in my car, all of you. My name's Flash Bennett. Have a cigar. We had five soldiers from the USO lined up for this thing, but at the last minute they had to go on a clambake with *Look*."

"Say, wot's the deal?" Mac asks. "Geez, wot house is this we're stoppin' at?"

"Just stand there in the doorway for a minute, all of you," says Flash Bennett. He takes a camera from the trunk of his car. "This is Beatriee Buxom, fellahs. She's giving you a bicycle party. Hey, close your mouths, fellahs! Now, smile."

Miss Buxom is wearing a very tight blouse, and her attractive midriff is bare. Behind her are four other starlets in sweaters. The five GIs fidget while the picture is snapped, then they crowd into the 20-room house.

"Say, nice of ya to have us over," grins Mac at Miss Buxom. "Got some music? Let's dance—just to get things started. Know wot I mean, babe?"

"Where's the liquid refreshments?" Slim asks after he and the others finish staring at the starlets. The girls retreat as the soldiers advance.

"Just a minute, fellahs," says Flash Bennett sharply. "We must get a picture of you boys dunking doughnuts with the girls in the patio."

"Look, junior," says Mac. "Here's 20 bucks for ya. Go away with that camera, will ya? We're gonna be busy for a couple of days."

"Flash, who are these men?" cries Beatrice, retreating behind a sofa. "I thought you were bringing some nice boys over, like the ones we toasted marshmallows with for *Pic*."

"Please, fellahs," says Flash. "I've got a cute idea for a picture. You're all playing Musical Chairs, see——."

"We just blew in from the islands, honey," says Mac, drawing closer to Beatrice. "We're lonesome, that's all. How's about you an' me takin' a stroll? You show me aroun' the place. Know wot I mean?"

One of the starlets, barricaded behind the grand piano, decides to try a different plan.

"So you boys are from overseas!" she says. "How nice. We think you boys are doing a grand job, and we folks here at home can't do too much for you."

"Well?" leers Slim.

"Are you interested in music?" she says hastily. "We're ever so glad that you're enlisted men, because we like enlisted men especially. So do the editors of the picture magazines. Officers are so stuffy, and besides it isn't the uniform, it's the man inside that counts."

"Come on, fellahs," pleads Flash Bennett. "We're all going bike riding, and I'll take lots of pictures."

"Look, junior," says Slim, "bike ridin' don't appeal to us. We came home for a rest."

"Hey, junior, take a picture of this," cries Mac, and he makes a dive for Beatrice. She screams. The other GIs all grab their squealing starlets and dance them violently around the room.

Flash Bennett grabs the ivory telephone to call the police. During the scuffle several GI shoes trample his camera underfoot.

"Stop!" A colonel steps into the room, hand upraised. "What is the meaning of this?" Reluctantly the five soldiers let go of their starlets.

"You men are a disgrace to your uniforms. Leave this house! I want your names, ranks and serial numbers!" But the five Aleutian GIs have already obeyed his first command, by diving out through the French windows.

"Beatrice," says the colonel, "aren't you through posing for those pictures yet? The four majors and I are tired of waiting outside for you girls."

The Use of Federal Ballots

YANK Washington Bureau

WASHINGTON, D. C.—If they're eligible, overseas GIs from 20 states will be able to vote by Federal ballot in the November election. The states that have okayed use of the Federal ballot are:

California	Maryland	New Jersey	Rhode Island
Connecticut	Massachusetts	New Mexico	Texas
Florida	Michigan	North Carolina	Utah
Georgia	Nebraska	Oklahoma	Vermont
Maine	New Hampshire	Oregon	Washington

To use the ballot a GI has to take an oath that he applied for a state absentee ballot before Sept. 1 and didn't get it by Oct. 1. He has to be 21 by the day of the election, Nov. 7, or if he is from Georgia he only has to be 18.

Men from the other 28 states will have to rely entirely on state absentee ballots.

Here's the way the Federal ballot works:

Shortly after Oct. 1 the CO of every outfit that's not on the front line will set a date for voting. Men who are away from their units on that day can vote at some other time after Oct. 2.

On the day for voting the CO will give a ballot to every soldier who asks for one and says he's willing to swear he applied for his state ballot before Sept. 1 and didn't get it.

Before voting, GIs should find their own Congressional District on Soldier Voting Poster No. 3, a huge map of the U. S. that shows every Congressional District in the country. Then they should study Poster No. 4, which lists the offices for which they can vote and the names of the candidates.

In case a man can't read or write because of sickness or injuries, his voting officer—there's one in every outfit down to company and battery level—will help him. The voting officer will also be able to answer questions on how to use the ballot.

Ballots and inner and outer envelopes will be given out by the voting officer at a specified voting place in the company area.

After he gets his voting unit, a voter should read the instructions, fill in the ballot in a secret place and fill in each item on the envelopes, including the oath on the inner envelope, address the outer envelope to the capital of his home state; then, when it's ready, return the ballot to the voting officer for mailing. The voter should not mail his own.

If a man spoils or damages his ballot or makes a mistake in writing a candidate's name, he should return it to the voting officer and get a new one.

Some men who vote the Federal ballot may later get the state ballots for which they applied. Those who do should fill the ballots out and mail them anyway. If they get back to the voters' home states in time, they will be counted instead of the Federal ballot; if they don't, the Federal vote will count. The main advantage of the state absentee ballot is that it covers both Federal and state offices while the Federal ballot lists only the Federal offices.

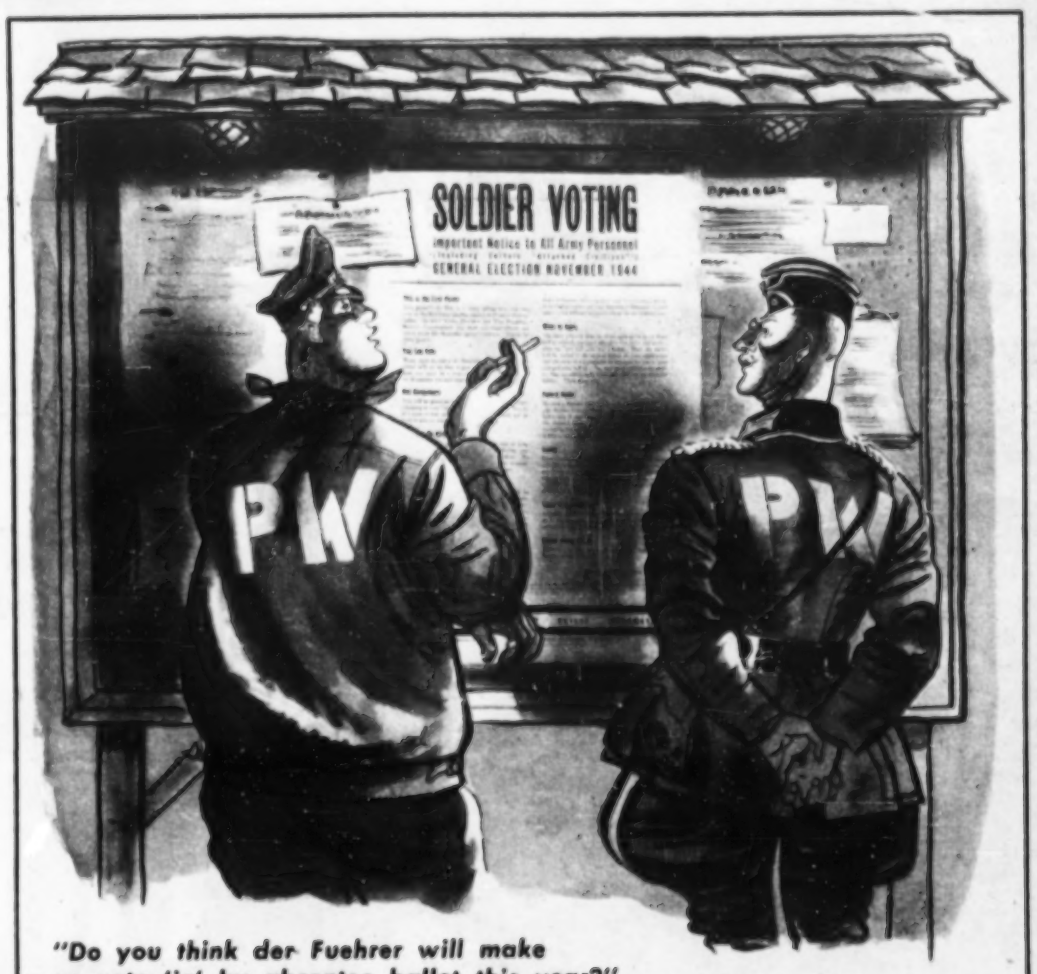
GIs who are on their way back to the U. S. from overseas stations but who won't arrive until after Oct. 1 will also be able to vote and can get the details from the voting officers of their outfits or the voting officers on their transports.

South Dakota has decided to accept applications for a state absentee ballot at any time instead of only after Sept. 28. The state will mail the ballot after Aug. 27 instead of after Sept. 28, as previously announced, and, to be counted, the ballot can get back to the state as late as Nov. 7.

New Mexico has passed a law that okays voting by state absentee ballot, and a GI may send in his post-card application at any time. The state will mail the absentee ballot, which will be carried by high-priority air mail, after Aug. 1. To be eligible, the completed ballot must be received back in the state by Nov. 6. GIs from New Mexico who haven't registered have only to apply for the ballot and fill it out. No special steps for registering are necessary.

If there are any further changes in voting regulations, YANK will pass them on later. The official dope on the use of Federal ballots can be found in *WD Circular 302, 17 July 1944.*

Meantime, the best source of information is your voting officer.



"Do you think der Fuehrer will make us vote 'ja' by absentee ballot this year?"

LT. GEN. BEN LEAR, former commander of the Second Army, is now in command of the Army Ground Forces. He succeeds Lt. Gen. Lesley J. McNair, who has been transferred to an important but undisclosed post overseas. The Materiel and Service Commands of the Army Air Forces have been combined in a new set-up, which will be known as AAF Materiel and Services. This organization will be directed by Lt. Gen. William S. Knudsen, who gave up his civilian job as head of General Motors before Pearl Harbor to handle production of war materiel for the Army.

Maj. Gen. Bennett E. Meyers, who used to be CG of the Materiel Command, will act as Lt. Gen. Knudsen's deputy director. Maj. Gen. Delmar H. Dunton will head the Air Service Command and Brig. Gen. Kenneth B. Wolfe has left his assignment as CG of the B-29 XX Bomber Command to head the Materiel Command.

Thirty-nine comic books, and *Vogue*, *Mademoiselle* and the *Woman's Home Companion*, are included on the list of 189 magazines approved for sale in PXs and for distribution in the Army

Washington OP

under the provisions of the Soldier Vote Law. The law, as passed by Congress, allows the WD to sell and distribute only magazines that have been proved popular by polls of opinion and sales figures in the Army. *New Republic*, *New Masses* and *Nation* are not included on the list. Col. Robert Cutler, the Secretary of War's administrator of all matters arising from the Soldier Vote Law, points out that they were not excluded because of their editorial content but because the troops expressed no preference for them. Also excluded from the list are three Army publications—*Hit Kit*, *Overseas Comics* and *Intelligence Bulletin*.

Senator Robert Taft of Ohio, author of Title V in the Hatch Act, which forbids the use of Federal funds for the distribution to servicemen of reading matter containing "political arguments or political propaganda," says he will introduce a bill at the next session of Congress to ease political censorship on GI books, magazines, newspapers and news reports. He feels that the provisions of the act are too strict and "make administration by the Army difficult." Under the present law, if interpreted literally, the Army cannot send such political books as Charles A. Beard's "The Republic" overseas; yet it could send *Life* magazine even when *Life* published "The Republic" in serial form. That was because *Life* is on the list of magazines that the soldiers prefer and therefore is legal reading matter.

The QMC is issuing a new type of tent pole with three separate and interchangeable sections, hooked together by hinges or sliding sleeves. In other words, section 1 can be attached either to section 2 or to section 3, and section 3 can fit into either of the other two sections, and so on. The new pole is about seven ounces lighter than the old one and it is painted olive drab. That will camouflage it and also make it harder to find in the tall grass when you are trying to roll your roll in a hurry.

—YANK Washington Bureau

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●

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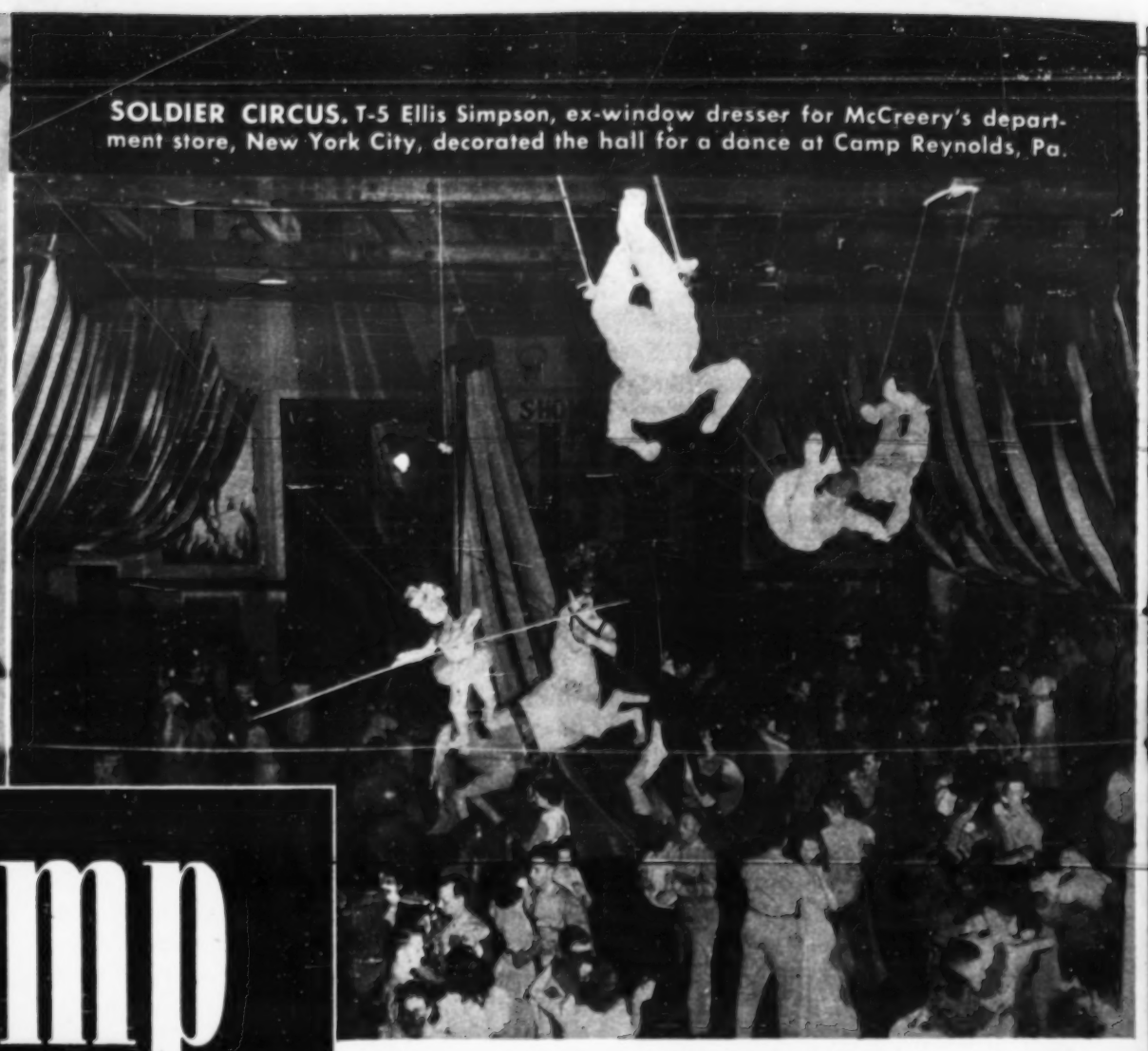
CPL. MICHAEL RIZZO



SOLDIER CIRCUS. T-5 Ellis Simpson, ex-window dresser for McCreery's department store, New York City, decorated the hall for a dance at Camp Reynolds, Pa.

camp news

Makes 88½-Yard Mark With Hand Grenade

Camp Blanding, Fla.—Cpl. Michael Rizzo, an instructor on the IRTC grenade course, tossed a grenade 88½ yards to set himself up as the Army's new grenade-throwing champ. He accomplished his feat after reading [YANK, July 7] that Pvt. Al Blozis, national shot-put champ, had tossed an explosive pineapple 65 yards and thereby claimed the Army championship.

As a matter of fact, Blozis' claim left Blanding's range officials cold. They'd been scoring trainee performances on the range course this way: average, 35 yards; good, 50 yards; expert, 65 to 70 yards. And they claimed there were plenty of experts in training.

Rizzo, a 6-footer who weighs 195 pounds and once played end on the LIU football team, doesn't sacrifice accuracy for distance. He can put a grenade within two yards of any target at distances up to 85 yards. The day he set the record a lieutenant took up a position nearly 85 yards away. Rizzo let fly, and the officer had to get out of the way—but fast.

Rizzo, who hails from Brooklyn, N. Y., has been beating the 80-yard mark consistently for weeks. He used to heave grenades more than 75 yards when he was still in training at Camp Croft, S. C., two years ago.

This GI Owns a Hunk Of a South Sea Isle

Camp Forrest, Tenn.—Sgt. Ray Denomme owns a hunk of land. He has the deed, 36 inches long and 15 inches wide, to prove it. However, his "estate" is a long way from here; it's on an island in the Loyalty group of the South Pacific.

Sgt. Ray Denomme

Denomme was stationed on the island in 1942, and he was just another GI to the natives until one day when the chief's son cut his leg with an ax. The natives watched with profound respect while Denomme bandaged the wound, and from then on his stock in the community went up.

Some months later, having returned to the island after duty elsewhere, Sgt. Denomme and other members of the outpost party were guests at a festival arranged by the natives on Denomme's birthday. Near the end of the festivities, the chief rose and spoke. The GIs were only able to get snatches of the speech, but when the chief finished he called Denomme over to him and handed the sergeant a scroll-like parchment wrapped in buckskin.

It was the deed to a considerable tract of land on the island and was presented by the chief as a good-will gift in remembrance of friendship for Denomme and his buddies. The chief had traveled 500 miles to New Caledonia to obtain the deed and insure the legality of the gift.

Pfc. Mary Jane Ford

Decorated Wac

Camp McCoy, Wis.—For her heroic efforts to save the life of a drowning soldier, Pfc. Mary Jane Ford, 23, of Los Angeles, Calif., has been awarded the Soldier's Medal. Pfc. Ford is the second member of the WAC to be decorated for heroism and the first to receive the Soldier's Medal in this country.

The drowning occurred at Airport Lake near this post. Pfc. Falvius M. Hopkins, an X-ray technician, had started to swim across the lake when he became exhausted and sank twice. The woman soldier, watching from the bank, plunged in and swam toward Hopkins, but before she could get to him he had gone down for the third time. She dived repeatedly and finally located the body, brought it to the surface and towed it to shore. A guard at the airport who saw the incident called the post's firemen and, until they arrived with a mechanical respirator, Pfc. Ford applied artificial respiration in a vain attempt to revive the soldier.

Pfc. Ford is the daughter of Maj. Byington Ford, executive officer of Dayton Army Air Field, Ohio. She leans heavily toward athletics and is an expert swimmer and horsewoman. She enlisted in the WAC in January 1943 and came here immediately after her basic training at Fort Des Moines, Iowa.

Order of the Aching Heart

Camp Breckinridge, Ky.—The sad sacks of Headquarters Battery, 899th FA, have S/Sgt. Arthur Mattson to thank for a decoration befitting their unhappy lot. Sgt. Mattson has designed the "Order of the Aching Heart" medal to be awarded to those soldiers in the battery to whom fate has dealt a tough blow.

Each week, the saddest sack—someone who has lost his best girl, who has been assigned the most lowly of work details or who has been chewed out severely by some officer—receives the award. The medal is of wood, in the shape of an oversized blue-and-white heart, in the center of which is an unidentified profile.

Dreams Up a Medal

Camp Stewart, Ga.—A dream brought about the award of a Legion of Merit medal to T-5 Herbert H. Meyer of Brenham, Tex., who is assigned to the 910th AAA AW Bn. Specifically, the 24-year-old truck driver received the medal for an improvement he devised for the 40-mm antiaircraft gun that makes it possible to replace a firing pin without removing the breech block. Thus an experienced gun crew can save five minutes in the operation.

Asked how he got the idea, Meyer said: "One day the outfit was practicing removing the firing pin from a 40. After chow that night I dropped on my bunk and began wondering if there wasn't an easier and quicker way to do it. I thought about it so much that I fell asleep and dreamed about it. The solution came to me then, and the next day I tried it out with success."

Last Laugh Is Marie's

Fort Benning, Ga.—When Pvt. Marie McMillin was interviewed at a GI show staged at the Parachute School, she described herself as a "parachutist." This brought a long laugh from the paratroopers in the audience. They stopped, however, when she calmly said: "Listen, boys, I was jumping from planes when most of you were still wearing three-cornered trousers!"

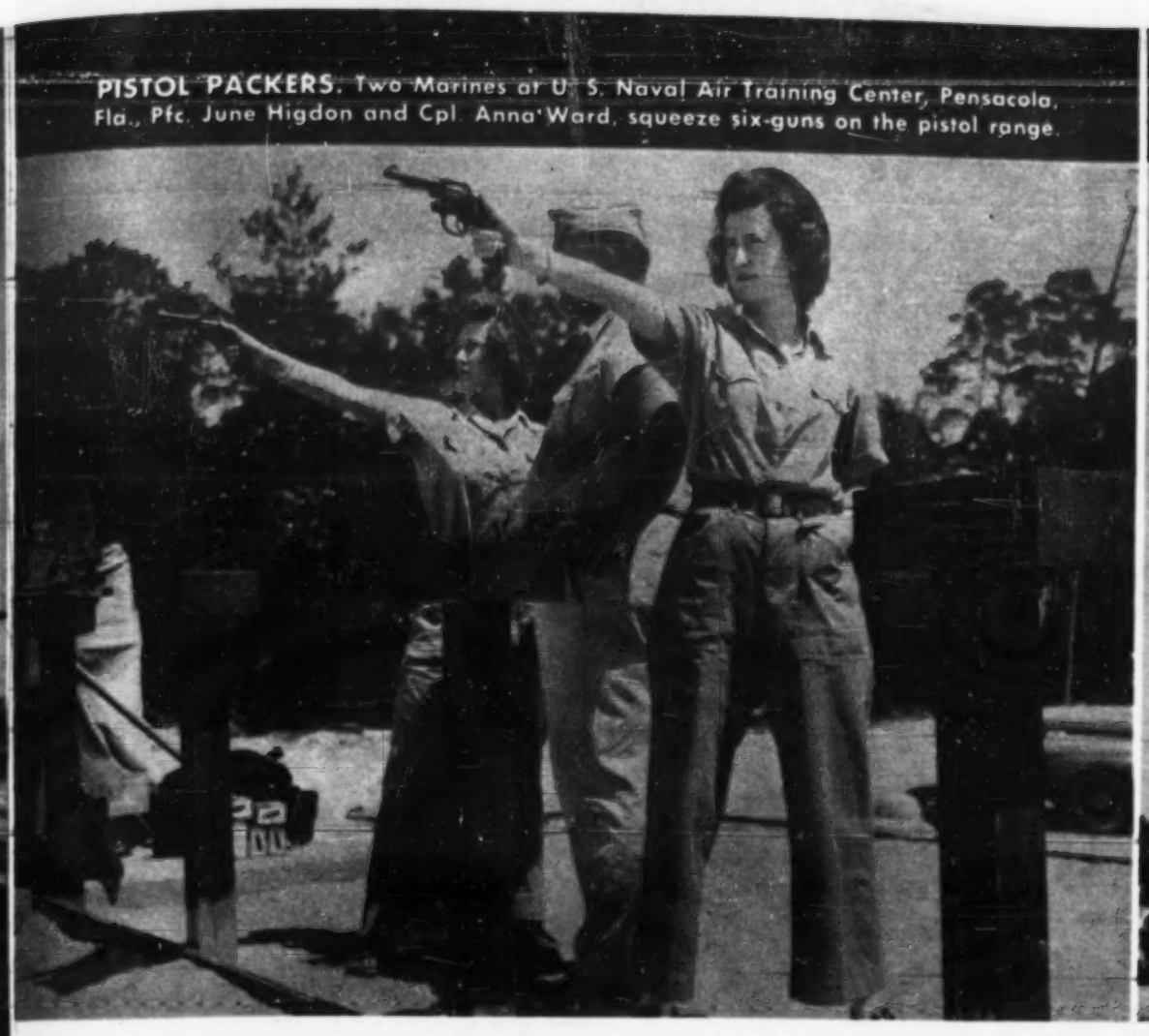
Pvt. McMillin, who joined the WAC in July 1943 and is now a section leader in charge of a detail of parachute riggers, has had 13 years of experience as a professional parachute jumper and stunt flyer. Before Pearl Harbor, she made 690 jumps from planes and she has to her credit a 24,800-foot drop at the Cleveland Air Races in 1932 that still stands as a record for women jumpers.

She made her first jump at the dedication of the Columbus (Ohio) Airport on June 8, 1930. "They paid me $500 for that jump, but it was worth more to me," she said. "I had found myself." She quit her job as a clerk in a hotel and began barnstorming with the Curtiss-Wright Flying Circus.

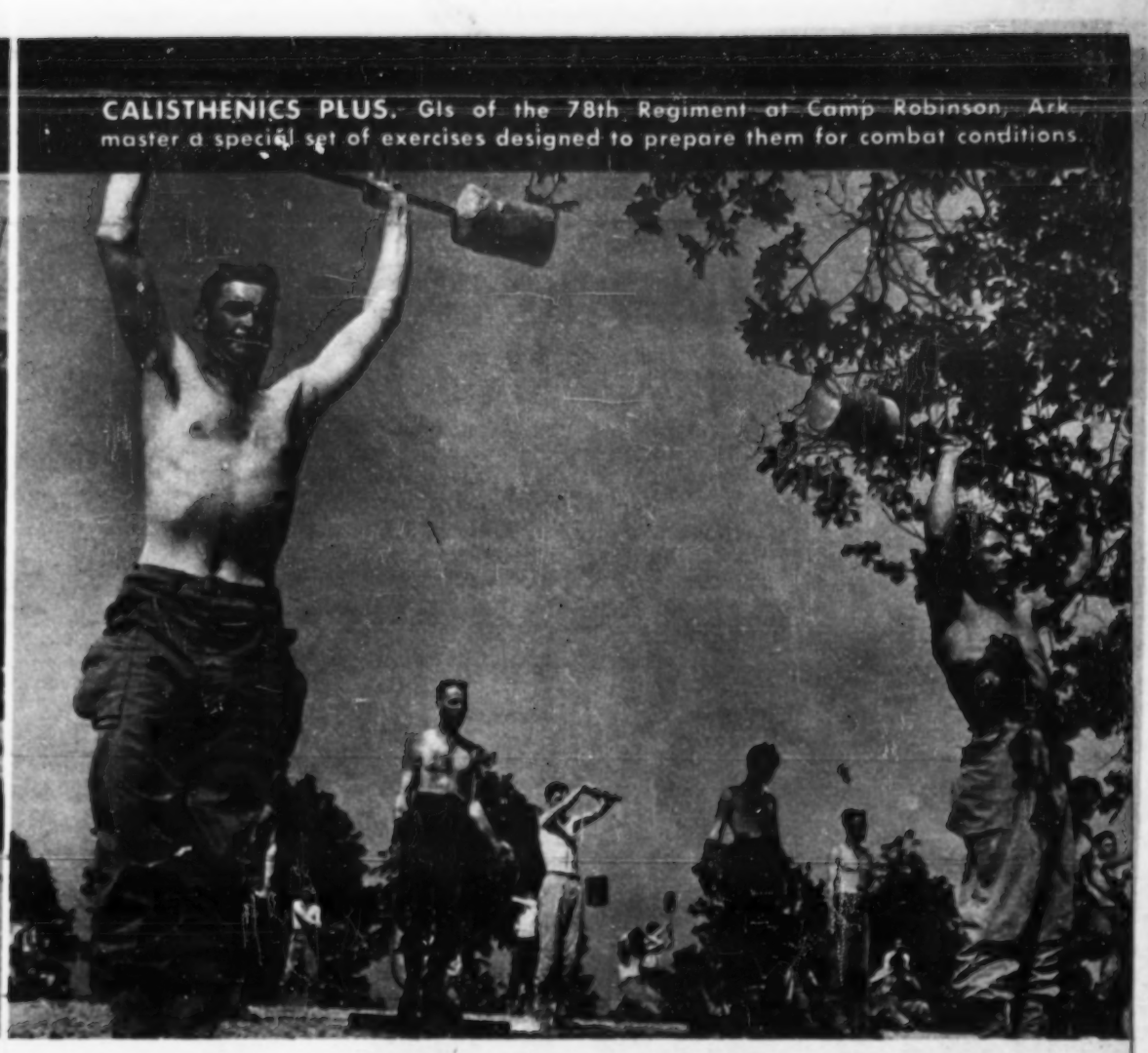
Two years later she got her private pilot's license. In all her years of jumping she's been injured only once—when a cross current of wind caused her to land backward, fracturing a rib. Even that didn't stop her from jumping again.

Artillerymen Get Medals

Camp Campbell, Ky.—Soldier's Medals for heroism were awarded to five GIs of the 276th Armored Field Artillery Battalion for their participation in the rescue of 14 soldiers from



PISTOL PACKERS. Two Marines at U. S. Naval Air Training Center, Pensacola, Fla., Pfc. June Higdon and Cpl. Anna Ward, squeeze six-guns on the pistol range.



CALISTHENICS PLUS. GIs of the 78th Regiment at Camp Robinson, Ark., master a special set of exercises designed to prepare them for combat conditions.

drowning in a swollen stream on the reservation here recently. Those decorated were: Sgt. Clarence I. Kuntz Jr. of Fremont, Ohio; T-4 Robert E. Avey of Detroit, Mich.; T-5 Frank B. Ford of Denver, Colo.; Pfc. Nick E. Langley of Henderson, N. C., and Pvt. Virgil V. Vanorny of Ashley, N. Dak.

Parked in their own vehicles near the icy deep-running stream, they saw a Tank Destroyer unit's truck slide off the bridge over West Fork Creek, overturn and submerge in the water. With other members of their section, the men ran to the creek and dived in after the victims, who were swept from the truck and were floundering in the water. Each of the men decorated was credited with saving the life of at least one man and with aiding in the resuscitation of other soldiers who had been taken from inshore water.

Nazi Who's Who

Alliance Army Air Base, Nebr.—A cherished possession of S/Sgt. Albert A. Kelley of San Antonio, Tex., is an autographed log of a trip he made with 11 captured Nazi generals from North Africa to the United States.

Kelley, then a radio operator on a C-47 troop carrier, was aboard the plane that brought the high-ranking Germans from the war zone and got permission to obtain their autographs. Heading the list is the name of Gen. Jurgen von Arnim, German field marshal who succeeded Rommel in Tunisia.

Halts Runaway Truck

Sedalia Army Air Field, Mo.—Pvt. Dot Roberts, on her way with two Wac companions to the bus station in a nearby town, suddenly broke away from them and dashed down the street. Civilians who saw her remarked at this unladylike behavior until they saw what she was up to.

A big empty truck was rolling backward toward a heavy traffic intersection. Dot ran after it and won the race, but not until she'd missed the running board in her first attempt to get aboard and caused bystanders to gasp. She managed to scramble inside the cab and apply the brake, which halted the truck just inches from the nearest civilian automobile.

AROUND THE CAMPS

Camp Gruber, Okla.—While Pvt. Wilfred M. King of the 142d Engr. was home on furlough, there was a lot of family talk about his brother-in-law, a first lieutenant sweating out a captaincy in England. King felt ill at ease as eyes seemed focused on his bare sleeve. Then his kid sister came to his aid and said: "Well, Wilfred's sweating out his pfc."

Camp Breckinridge, Ky.—Making a call in an ordnance area, WO Leonard M. Pohl parked his jeep on a lot with a bunch of other jeeps. He returned a few minutes later to find wheels, windshield and parts of the motor missing. He had parked in a salvage yard.

Moore Field, Tex.—GIs don't sleep for long during lectures on military sanitation delivered by Sgt. Coy O. Brown at the single-engine advanced flying school here. Brown awakens the dozers with a shot from a pistol that he keeps handy.

Chanute Field, Ill.—Pvt. Leon Stewart hit the jackpot as the result of an old Army custom and the fact that he was in the right place at the right time. Walking near the cadet barracks, Stewart practically ran into 70 new second lieutenants. He used one hand to salute and the other to collect the dollar bills that custom says must be paid by newly commissioned officers upon their first salute by an enlisted man.

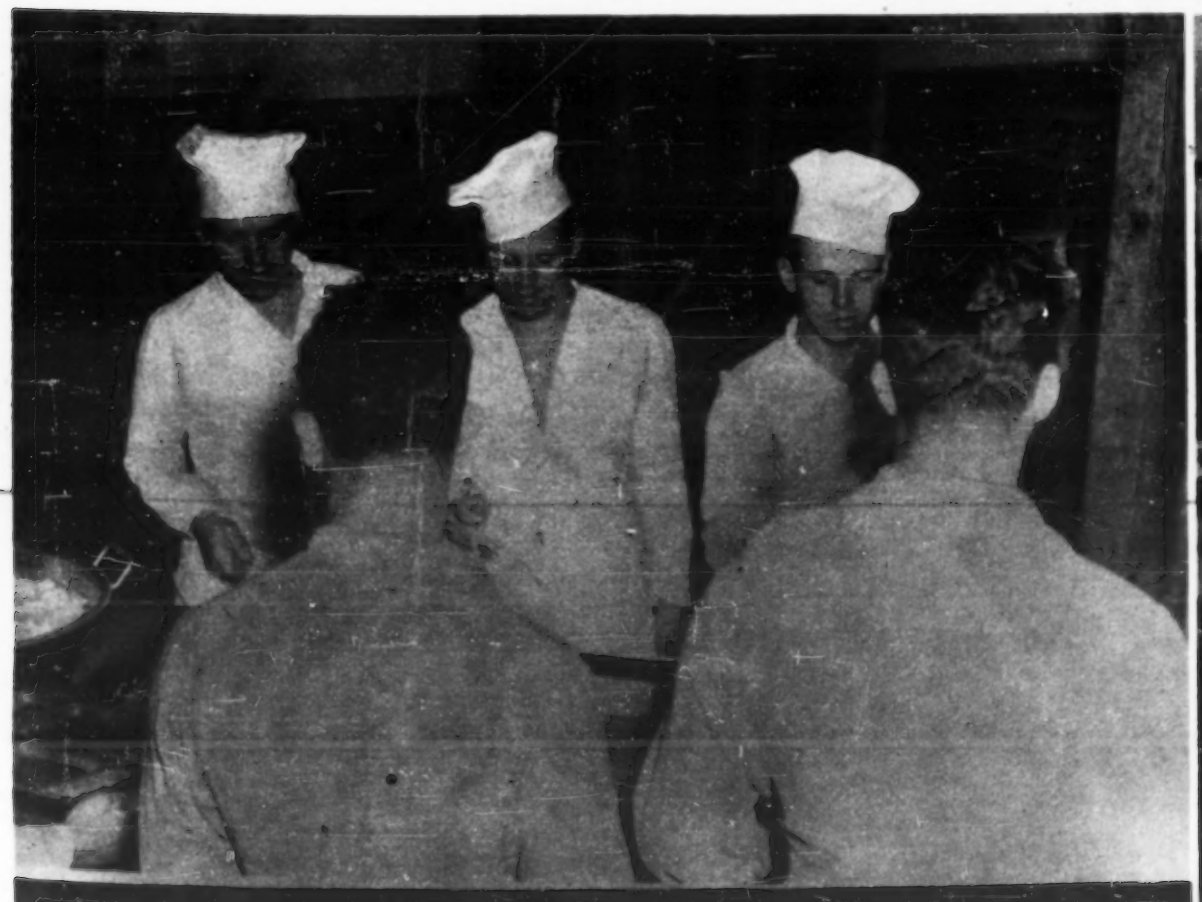
Camp Ellis, Ill.—Some sort of record for letter writing is claimed here for Pvt. John H. Cox of Hq. Co., Medical Group. Every Friday Pvt. Cox writes 50 to 60 letters to members of his family and to GIs scattered all over the world. Seventeen of the letters go to girls, but "they're just friends," he says.

England General Hospital, N. J.—A basic-training nurse, rigged out in fatigues, leggings and helmet, approached S/Sgt. Mel Siskind outside the gas chamber and said: "Sergeant, my canteen is leaking. What should I do with it?" The sergeant coldly replied: "Suppose you try emptying it," and hurried away.

Fort Belvoir, Va.—Pvt. Robert McFate of the 2571st SU was commended recently by the CG of this post for an idea to streamline certain record forms. The system, now being used in the Signal Section, covers a detailed record form for vouchers, saves time and increases efficiency.

Camp Polk, La.—Anticipated griping by GIs about the toughness of their steaks was countered here by the cooks in one of the mess halls. According to *Tarfu*, biweekly paper of the 8th Armd. Division's 53d Armd. Engr. Bn., the cooks fastened meat grinders on the ends of several tables with signs which read: "If your knife won't work, try this."

Smoky Hill Army Air Field, Kans.—S/Sgt. Charles Pierson has a mind for little customs even when away from camp. While on furlough he got married. A few days later, his barracks, 658, received a box of cigars.



BROTHER ACT. William, Charles and John Snyder are all Army chefs at McCook Air Field, Nebr. GIs always think they're getting seconds at this mess.

NO TRAVELER. In 18 years of Army duty, S/Sgt. George Wallace of Camp Lee, Va., has had a total of two furloughs. Don't let your top kick see this item.

Janet Blair

YANK

Pin-up Girl

Navy Notes

FIRST JAP CITY. The town of Charan-Kanoa on Saipan, with a normal population of 3,000, was the first Japanese town to fall into American hands and is the first to be administered by Navy Civil Affairs officers. Many of the residents—Japanese, Koreans and native Chamorros—surrendered with safe-conduct cards dropped to them from American planes before the Naval bombardment.

Before the Civil Affairs officers took over, the civilians were under the care of a Seabee lieutenant, who built stockades for them on the beach and fed them K and C rations, which they somehow enjoyed.

Living conditions of the civilians were exceedingly poor. The houses were described as "worse than those in any American slum," and many of the farm outbuildings were better than the homes. The natives slept on straw mats. On the whole, the citizens were cooperative and were openly surprised at the kindness of the Americans. Children were delighted with the hard candy that troops shared with them.

The experience of Navy Civil Affairs administrators in this town will probably affect future Navy administration as we capture more and larger Japanese cities.

CASUALTY STATISTICS. The *Naval Medical Bulletin* reports that of 3,333 Navy, Marine and Army casualties brought aboard a hospital ship for surgical treatment during the sea and land actions in the Solomons campaign, only 12 died. This is a mortality rate of 0.36 percent or one death among each 275 patients.

Fifty-nine percent of the wounds were caused by shell and bomb fragments, 32 percent were bullet wounds, 7 percent were contusions from being tossed against bulkheads or hit by flying rocks after blasts and the remaining 2 percent were bayonet wounds. There were 364 patients who suffered burns, most of them sailors. An unusually large number of burns occurred on shore when men used gasoline to build fires.

NEW RULINGS. To preserve his amateur standing in the AAU, any athlete now in the Navy is frozen in his status as long as he does not play for personal profit. He may, however, play against professionals as a member of a Navy team without penalizing his status [*Cir. Ltr. 148-44*].

The Bureau of Naval Personnel is entering a cooperative agreement with the Army's Special Services Division for furnishing sailors with V-discs. Monthly kits, each containing 20 double-faced records, are available through BuPers at $12 a kit. BuPers suggests use of local welfare or ship's service funds for the purchases. An order form is contained in *Cir. Ltr. 154-44*.

INVASION LOSSES. The Navy has reported seven ships sunk during the invasion of France: the destroyers *Meredith*, *Glennon* and *Corry*; the destroyer escort *Rich*, the transport *Susan B. Anthony*, the minesweeper *Tide* and the fleet tug *Partridge*. All of the ships except the *Tide* (a converted 1919 minesweeper) were built since the start of this war. The destroyer *Meredith* was only four months old and bore the name of a destroyer sunk by air attack off Guadalcanal in October 1942.

DREDGINGS. Bills are up in both houses of Congress to allow Waves and Woman Marines to go overseas. . . . Some 1,200 marines of the 1st Division, back in the States after almost two years overseas, cheered lustily when they saw their first woman marine on the dock in San Francisco. . . . Wallace Beery and Jimmy Gleason of the movies appeared at the Lakehurst (N. J.) Naval Air Station in chief's uniforms for scenes of a new picture about blimps, "Airship Squadron 4." . . . The name of the Norfolk Naval Hospital has been changed to the U. S. Naval Hospital, Portsmouth, Va. . . . Naval barracks for amphibious-craft crews have been established at Carnegie Tech, Pittsburgh, Pa. . . . Carriers now come in so many different sizes that they cost all the way from 7 million to 70 million dollars apiece. . . . A new destroyer, the *USS Higbee*, will be the first combatant vessel in the history of the U. S. Navy to be named for a woman in Naval service. Mrs. Lenah S. Higbee, who died in 1941, was the first superintendent of the Navy Nurse Corps and the only woman to receive a Navy Cross while still alive. . . . The Navy has a refrigerated supply ship called the *USS Arctic*.

Four Navy men from a beach battalion in Normandy, while off watch, overpowered a German pillbox and captured 15 Nazis. They used four bullets and 12 pounds of dynamite. . . . The CO of the Navy's famous "Meataxe" Squadron shot down three Jap planes in 30 seconds in an action near Palau. . . . Winston Churchill and Sir Andrew Browne Cunningham, admiral of the British Fleet, sent congratulatory cables to Adm. King after the U. S. victories in the Marianas. . . . A Catalina flying boat was towed 100 miles by two PTs after it crash-landed in the South Pacific. . . . A Seabee in the Aleutians who lost a 100-pound bomb from the back of his truck found it later at another camp. It had been painted with red and white stripes and was being used as a barber pole. . . . Then there was the Jap destroyer that intercepted and destroyed four American torpedoes.

—ROBERT L. SCHWARTZ Y2c

"Yes, madam, I always go down with my ship."
—Sgt. Tom Zibelli, Camp Davis, N. C.

DEEP STUFF

A GUY dug himself a foxhole so deep that when he got into it he was practically AWOL. While he was still digging it, his faithful buddy looked in over the edge.

"That's a helluva deep hole," said the FB.

"You ain't seen nothing yet," said the guy, straightening up. "When I get through, this hole will be three times as deep as it is now. Then, when I stand up in it, my head will be twice as far underground as it is now above ground."

The guy was 5 feet 10 inches tall. How deep was the hole he dug?

SUB CHASE

THIS problem is no cinch. But it can be solved without algebra.

Two submarines pass each other at a certain point. Sub A is traveling against the current; Sub B is traveling with the current. One hour later they are 50 miles apart.

Then A shuts off its engines and drifts back. Simultaneously B turns back, too, but maintains the speed of its engines. The subs meet at the same point where, 2 hours and 40 minutes before, they had first passed each other.

What is the speed of the current?

PUZZLE SOLUTIONS

SUB CHASE. First calculate the actual speed of the subs without the current. The current affects both subs equally—on the outbound trip it's working against A and with B; on the return trip it's working with A and against B. Consequently disregard the current and pretend the subs are in still water. At the start of the return trip, they are 50 miles apart; Sub A, with its engines idle, is standing still. It takes B an hour and 40 minutes to reach A, 50 miles away. So B's still-water speed is 30 miles per hour.

Now consider the outbound trip, again disregarding the current. In an hour's time B goes 30 miles and is then 50 miles away from A. That means A must be traveling 30 minus 30, or 20 miles per hour.

Now consider A's outbound and return trips with the current acting on it. For 2 hours and 40 minutes the current acts on A, pushing it toward the starting point. In other words it takes the current 2 hours and 40 minutes to move A back the distance that A's engines have carried it—which is 20 miles. Thus the current moves 20 miles in 2 hours and 40 minutes, or 7½ miles per hour.

DEEP STUFF. It was 10½ feet deep.

Message Center

Former members of Co. D, 18TH INF., 1ST DIV.: write Lt. A. V. Bakasy, Cadet Det. GAAF, Greenwood, Miss. . . . Members of the 17TH INF., 7TH DIV.: write Sgt. Daniel D. Harmandez, MTUAAB, Dyersburg, Tenn. . . . Members of the 496TH AAA (AW) BN., HQ. BTRY.: write S/Sgt. Harold Peterfreun, Btry. A, Antiaircraft Artillery School, Camp Davis, N. C. . . . Members of HQ. Co., 34TH SIGNAL CONSTRUCTION BN.: write Pvt. William J. Schmidt, Co. C, 322d Engr. Bn., APO 445, Fort Leonard Wood, Mo. . . . Members of the 470TH BASE HQ. & AIR BASE SQ., PENDLETON FIELD, OREG.: write Cpl. Grange W. Smith Jr., Co. D, ASTU 3905, Stanford Univ., Calif.

S/Sgt. WILFORD CLAYTON, last heard of in England: write Cpl. Clydel Clymer, Camp Echo Lake, Idaho Springs, Colo. . . . Pvt. HINAL LEE COLEMAN, last heard of in the Infantry at Camp Butner: write Cpl. Billy A. Greene, Co. G, 343d Inf., APO 450, Camp Livingston, La. . . . Lt. FRED DE ARMOND, with the Air Force: write Evans Jones S2c, Ship's Co., Insurance, Camp Peary, Va. . . . RICHARD DERBY, formerly of Co. A, 25th Bn., Ala.: write S/Sgt. Paul G. Faircloth, 426 Base Hq. & AB Sq., SAAF, Stuttgart, Ark. . . . CHARLES OWEN DUNCAN of New Jersey, formerly with the Engineers at Camp Claiborne, La.: write Raymond Edward Zunt S2c, U. S. Naval Receiving Barracks, Barracks 0141, Batt. #1, Shoemaker, Calif. . . . Pvt. HOWARD W. DUNKIN, formerly with IV Corps Hq., Monterey, Calif.: write Cpl. Lester R. Anspach, Btry. D, 381st AAA AW Bn., Camp Cooke, Calif. . . . Cpl. DONALD A. DEFRIEST, who left Camp Blanding for Miami Beach for cadet training: write Pfc. Andrew R. Kurta, 215th Combat Crew Sec., AAB, PO Box 4646, Pueblo, Colo. . . . Cpl. HAROLD (FISHCAKE) GRITTON, at Fort Leavenworth, Kans., from 1935-'39, later believed to be overseas: write Cpl. Delbert D. Scamahorn, Hq. Btry., 751st FA Bn., Camp Bowie, Tex. . . . T-5 CHARLES HANLIN, Med. Det., APO 502: write T-4 Lowell Kennedy, 288th Station Hospital, NOPE Station Hospital, New Orleans, La. . . . Sgt. MELROSE HARRINGTON, once at Fort DuPont, Del.: write Sgt. B. H. Norris, QMC 1252d SCSU, Fort Miles, Del. . . . Buddies of Pvt. THOMAS J. HILL: write Pvt. G. A. Wolcheski, Norfolk Co., NAAB, Norfolk, Va. . . . DENNY JEROME, once at Scott Field, Ill.: write Pvt. Franklyn McKim, Section O, TAAF RTU (F), Thomasville, Ga. . . . Ens. MAX KRESS, last heard of in Florida: write Cpl. Hy Shabashov, 465th AAF Base Unit, Paine Field, Everett, Wash. . . . Lt. JOHN LEAKE JR. of Fort Benning, Ga.: write Lt. Arnold L. Fellows, Sec. A, 331st AAF Base Unit, Barksdale Field, La. . . . LESTER LEVENTHAL: write Pfc. Seymour Posner, Co. H, 222 Inf., APO 411, Camp Gruber, Okla. . . . Pvt. JEAN LINDNER of Venice, Calif., stationed at Fort Knox in January: write Cpl. R. Breidenstein, Troop C, 36th Cav. Mecz. Rcn. Sq., NW 79th St. & 32d Ave., Camp Bell Haven, Miami, Fla. . . . S/Sgt. CHAUNCEY MCQUEEN, formerly with the 9th Bomb. Gp.: write Sgt. Robert C. Freer, Sec. K-2 (Operations) 120 Base Unit (Ftr.), AAB, Richmond, Va. . . . Pvt. JAMES MORRIS, once an MP at Camp Davis, N. C.: write Pvt. George Gibson, Btry. A, 99th AAA Gun. Bn., Camp Stewart, Ga. . . . S/Sgt. PETER NICOLO, once at SATC at Fort Eustis: write Pfc. Manny Bowen, Co. D, 5th Gp., 2d Regt., Camp Reynolds, Greenville, Pa. . . . Capt. DARWIN E. RASMUSSEN, with the 566th Bomb Sq.: write Pvt. Richard Thomas, Co. H., 27th Bn., MPRTC, Fort Custer, Mich. . . . Lt. JACK SAMSON, formerly with 35th Training Battalion, Company B: write Pfc. Harvey Schatsky, care of 69th Military Police Platoon, APO 417, Camp Shelby, Miss.

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THE only thing that Janet Blair can cook is scrambled eggs, so if food is on your mind go see the mess sergeant. Personally, we'll take Blair and eggs. The petite star, who used to be a canary with Hal Kemp's band before Hollywood called her, is appearing in the Columbia productions "Once Upon a Time" and "Tonight and Every Night."

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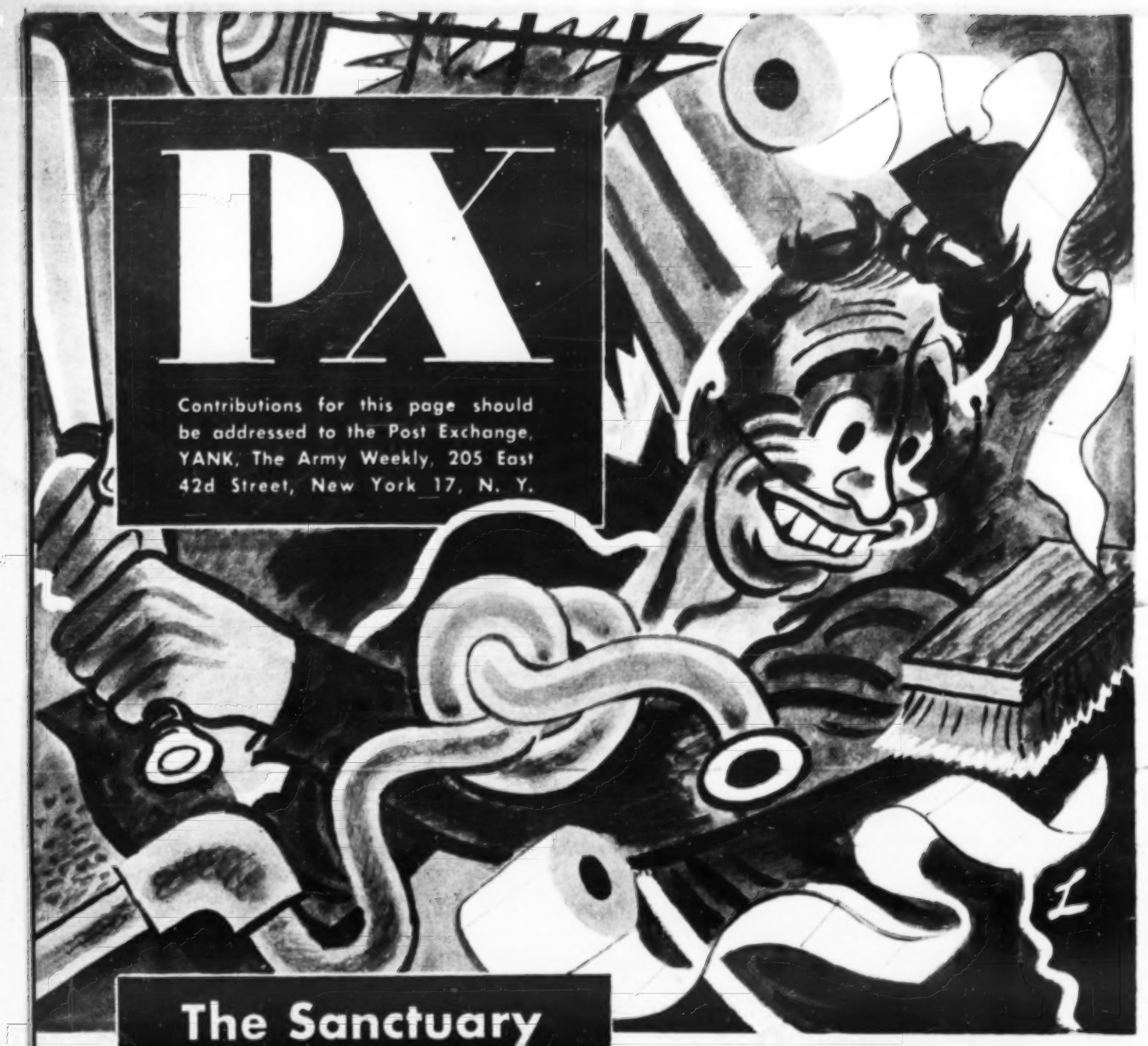
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The Sanctuary

To some soldiers a latrine was a place to run in and out of, but to Pvt. Paul Severe it had always been a sanctuary. Especially when he was there alone. Just to sit in utter relaxation, away from all whistles and noisy regimentation, filled him with a complete sense of enjoyment. It was obvious. Whenever Paul had a problem to iron out he would head for the latrine. Locked in the confines of the privy, he seemed to find a hidden reserve of strength. Some of the most beautiful moments in his Army career had been spent in the latrine.

Pvt. Severe explained to the CO that he had heard the position of permanent latrine orderly was open, and he would like to take it over. His nerves were jangled, he said, and he wanted a job where he could be alone for a while. The CO looked at Severe's form 20 and then he looked up at Paul. "Egad, Severe," said the CO. "You have an IQ of 150! We can't keep a man like you in the latrine!" No amount of conversation could make Paul change his mind, however, so the CO agreed to let him take over. He was to start the following morning.

For the first time the 0530 whistle sounded like a robin's trill to Paul, and after a hearty breakfast he reported to the trophy room for duty. The signs reading "NO MAGAZINES" and "DROP YOUR PAPERS IN THE BOX" evidently didn't mean a thing. The place was a mess. Paul went to work like a colony of beavers. He scrubbed, he mopped, he put the duckboards out to dry, and he polished every window and sink with toilet paper. When he was through the latrine shone like a shavetail's brass.

At the lunch hour, though, his solitude was rudely interrupted by a bunch of screaming GIs. In 10 minutes the joint looked as if it had been laid low by a Flying Fortress raid. But everybody commented on the new, good-natured latrine orderly, who was always whistling and always smiling.

For a few days Paul took everything in stride. Then slowly, like cancerous germs, little things started to irritate him. A leaky faucet that at first had sounded musical now took on the character of the Chinese drip torture. No sooner did he get the room cleaned than the mob struck, and chaos was king. Now he was inclined to snap at former buddies. "Do you have to let the hot water run? Do you have to splash, you slob? Don't drop that butt on the floor. Would you do that home? Close that door. Were you brought up in a barn?" The mass reflexes of nature began to irk him. He would rope off areas for spite. Fiendishly, he would close the door and pretend he was cleaning. Furious pounding on the door would only cause him to say: "The joint's closed. Go to the next one." Then under his breath: "And I hope you don't make it."

One night about 2330 he was sitting on his barracks bed, his head between his hands, looking into space and brooding. He imagined the war was over and he had gone home. His son sat on his knee, gazed at him adoringly and said: "Daddy, what did you do to help win the war?"

What could he say to his son? That all his battles had been fought with non-flushers of bowls, with razor-blade droppers, with water splashers? Suddenly he was filled with a violent hatred for the latrine. Something inside him snapped. He ran pell-mell to the supply room, where the supply sergeant was doing some night work. "I would like to check out a baseball bat," said Pvt. Severe. Shaking his head doubtfully, the sarge gave him a bat.

A half-hour later a hysterical soldier burst into the orderly room. "It's terrible!" he screamed. "The latrine! I never saw anything like it!" The entire personnel hit it lickety split to the men's room where a scene of complete destruction greeted their startled eyes.

The doors were ripped from their hinges as if a giant twister had struck. The mops and brooms lay on the floor, broken into small hunks. All the windows were smashed. Faucets and shower handles were scattered around like confetti. Here and there were rolls of toilet paper, all crushed flat. The basins and bowls were smashed to smithereens, and the erstwhile latrine orderly was emitting war whoops as he shifted his murderous rage from the mirrors to the light bulbs.

The MPs were called, and the combined efforts of five men were needed to get Pvt. Paul Severe into the Black Maria. "I did it!" he shouted as the truck pulled away. "I'm glad I did it! I'm glad!" He was still laughing hysterically as the truck rounded the corner toward the guardhouse.

From the rubble that Paul left, a new latrine has sprung up. The present latrine orderly isn't too conscientious, but he's much happier at his work than Severe was. He has no son and, more important, he has no imagination. To him a job is just a job, and a latrine is a place to go when you have nothing else to do.

De Ridder AAB, La. —Pvt. ROBERT YEAGER

SPARTANBURG STATION

O, simple for the engineer
To set the train in motion,
And simple for the smoke to clear
The beams above the station.

But from the cars the women wave,
And from the platform, we;
And hard it is for them to leave
Lads of the Infantry.

And hard it is for marching men
To walk the road to camp,
Back to the agony of the pen—
And writer's cramp.

Camp Livingston, La. —Pvt. EDMUND M. ZASLOW

AFTER KP

Here's to our first cook—
May he writhe in pain.
May he hang himself
On his dog-tag chain.

May his GI shoes
Stick to his feet.
May his arms drop off
As he stands retreat.

May his sun-tans tear
While he cooks the peas.
May the moths consume
His best ODs.

May he drink the tea
That he serves, I hope.
May the cup be full
Of GI soap.

Let him be confined
With a smoker's cough.
Let him serve 12 meals
On his Sunday off.

May he scar his throat
On his daily steak.
May it be his arms
When he takes his break.

Poems are made
By fools like me,
But let me have
Him on KP.

Camp Murphy, Fla. —Pfc. E. KLAVAN

NO NAME JIVE

Artillery shells exploded in the sky
Like giant hyacinths, while bursting rays
Of sunlight pounded through a staggered maze
Of regiments of crimson clouds. The eye
Perceived barbed-wire fences strung nearby
Where purple-red intestines hung for days
Like brilliant streamers of Hawaiian leis
Hung out like Monday morning's wash to dry.
In such a manner ultra modern, new
And very finely polished poets sing
Descriptions of amazing World War Two.
Their stanzas have a most exciting ring,
And if their stuff is colorful, then who
Can say that war is not a pretty thing?

Fort Benning, Ga. —Sgt. LEONARD SUMMERS

"Miss Masters, I'm afraid you misunderstood my idea of art activity." —T-5 Arnold Thurm, Millville AAB, N. J.

SPORTS: UNSOLVED MYSTERY OF BABE DAHLGREN

By Sgt. DAN POLIER

MR. ELLSWORTH (BABE) DAHLGREN, currently operating on first base for the Pittsburgh Pirates, is one of the greatest explorers of our time. By actual count, he has played with eight major-league teams, three in the American League and five in the National. He has even outdistanced the distinguished traveler, Mr. Bobo Newsom. Mr. Newsom's journeys have only covered seven teams.

It is perfectly natural that Mr. Newsom should be one of the nation's leading ground-gainers. His personality doesn't always fit certain locations; he can hurl an inkwell at a club president with the same deadly accuracy that he throws a baseball and he is an accomplished clubhouse lawyer. But Mr. Dahlgren, the Norwegian traveler, is a Norse of a different color. He is a hard-working guy and a solid team man. Just what it is that keeps him constantly hopping trains is one of baseball's greatest unsolved mysteries.

Some people have advanced the theory that Mr. Dahlgren, the model player, loathes the sight of blood. They say he has never forgotten that thin stream of blood that ran down across his lips after Billy Werber punched him on the beak for gumming up play in Boston. That was back in 1935 when Babe was a rookie first baseman, full of vitamins and vinegar, and played every game to the hilt to make an impression.

One day he made a sensational pick-up far out to his right, pivoted around and tossed a hot peg toward first. Rube Walberg was the pitcher and he ambled over to cover the bag. Walberg, of course, was no Ty Cobb. Before he reached the bag the ball hit him on the back and richocheted off, and Boston lost the game. Werber, the third baseman, ran over and cussed out Babe, and when Mr. Dahlgren said something to him, Werber clipped him flush on the schnozzola. The model player didn't fight back. To find out about this we went straight to Mr. Dahlgren himself.

"Don't worry about me taking care of myself," he boomed. "I used to be a boxer in school and I can hold my own against the likes of Werber. Here's the story of that fight. Werber and I decided to fight it out after the game in the dressing room. When I entered the clubhouse I intended to fight. Someone had tipped off Joe Cronin, and he stepped between us and ordered us to take our showers and dress and forget about the fight. We both liked Cronin and did as he told us."

Having cleared himself of the first charge, we asked Mr. Dahlgren if it was true he lost his job with the Yankees because his arms were too short. As you probably know, much was made over the length of Babe's limbs when the Yankees sold him to the Boston Braves. Manager Joe McCarthy was roasted good and proper for disposing of such a valuable piece of machinery as Mr. Dahlgren. But McCarthy countered right back, saying in effect that Babe was never such a good first baseman anyhow, and that he had short arms and made easy plays look spectacular.

"That one really had me looking into mirrors," Babe recalled. "The first thing I did when I joined the Braves was to measure my arms with every player on the team. They thought I was crazy, but I found out that, except for Max West, my limbs compared with those of everybody else. Max West's arms were a half-inch longer than mine, but he was also two inches taller than me. The Yankees lost the pennant that year and they had to blame someone, and I guess I was it."

But Mr. Dahlgren, model player that he is, nursed no grudge against the Yankees. He sent McCarthy a courteous telegram, thanking him for the kind treatment extended to a short-arm cripple. Babe had no dispute with the Braves for selling him to the Cubs. The Braves couldn't stand the financial bite.

In fact, Mr. Dahlgren harbors resentment against only one team, the Chicago Cubs. He thinks they gave him the business, but good, when they shipped him to Brooklyn.

"I didn't rate that brush-off," he contended. "I know it had nothing to do with my playing. It was purely personal. The season before, I had hit 23 home runs and 28 doubles for the Cubs, and I was given to understand that I was going to play first base again the next year. Why, that winter they even gave me a salary raise. The first day of the season I got four hits. The next afternoon I went hitless, and the third day Phil Cavaretta replaced me and I rode the bench until I was kicked upstairs to Brooklyn."

As it turned out, Mr. Dahlgren's kick upstairs worked in reverse. He was taken to Brooklyn as a relief man for Dolph Camilli, who seldom divorced himself from the lineup for a breathing spell, and in a few months Babe was kicking around Montreal and was about to be sold to Indianapolis.

"Nobody, including Judge Landis himself, could understand that one," Mr. Dahlgren explained. "Landis sent me back to Brooklyn. I got my Swedish blood up and was good and sore, knowing that the Dodgers probably wouldn't keep me anyhow. I had a good mind to quit the game. Then came the deal that sent me to the Phillies, and I said to myself: 'Dahlgren, here's your chance to show those bums you are still a ballplayer.'"

Mr. Dahlgren was a good ballplayer for the Phillies. In fact, he was two or three good ballplayers. He played first, third, short and even caught. Last winter the Phillies rewarded him for his faithful service and sold him to the first-division Pirates.

If the ball clubs and railroads last, Mr. Dahlgren hopes to become a 10-year man in the majors. Mrs. Dahlgren doesn't mind his traveling around, because every new city means another charm on her bracelet. His son Raymond is still too young to voice an opinion, but by the time he is 5 years old he will probably be selling atlases.

SPORTS SERVICE RECORD

Phil Rizzuto, the ex-Yankee shortstop, writes Manager Joe McCarthy that he is managing the top club in the Australian service league. . . . Before the landing at Saipan, **Pfc. Jim Bivin**, former Phillies and Pirates pitcher, and **Cpl. Preacher Dorsett**, Cleveland pitcher, hurled their respective Marine teams to divisional championships. The morning after D Day, on that bloody island, they were hauling supplies from the beaches to the front lines. In the same vicinity were former All-American ends **Lts. Dave Schreiner** and **Keith Topping** and Fordham's 1942 Sugar Bowl center, **Lt. Joe Sabasteanski**. . . . **S/Sgt. Joe Louis** and **Cpl. Billy Conn** almost had to make a crash landing when they took a bomber ride over England. The landing gear stuck and for 45 minutes the bomber circled the field; then the gear finally lowered. . . . **Dick Wakefield**, recently discharged from Naval aviation, has applied for a straight Navy commission. In the meantime, he is playing the outfield for the Detroit Tigers. . . . **Carl Hubbell** will probably go overseas for the USO at the end of the baseball season.

Commissioned: **CPO George McAfee**, former Duke and Chicago backfield star, as ensign in the Navy. . . . *Transferred:* **Pvt. Joe Gordon**, former Yankee second baseman, from Hamilton Field, Calif., to Seventh Air Force, Hawaii. . . . *Ordered for induction:* **Ed Head**, Dodgers' right-hander, by the Army; **Bulldog Turner**, star center of the Chicago Bears, by the Army. . . . *Rejected:* **Bob Elliott**, veteran Pittsburgh third baseman, because of an old head injury; **Jim Bagby**, Cleveland pitching ace and recently discharged merchant seaman, for physical reasons (cause not disclosed).

CHAMP AT CHOW. Coast Guardsman Lew Jenkins, ex-lightweight champion, takes time out for chow during the invasion of Normandy. Jenkins served aboard a landing craft on D Day.

"HE SAYS IT'S OKAY, HE KNOWS EVERY INCH OF THE ISLAND."
—T-5 Arnold Thurm

"IT'S FROM THE OLD MAN. HE SAYS WE'RE DUE FOR TYPHOID BOOSTER SHOTS."
—Cpl. Fred Schwab

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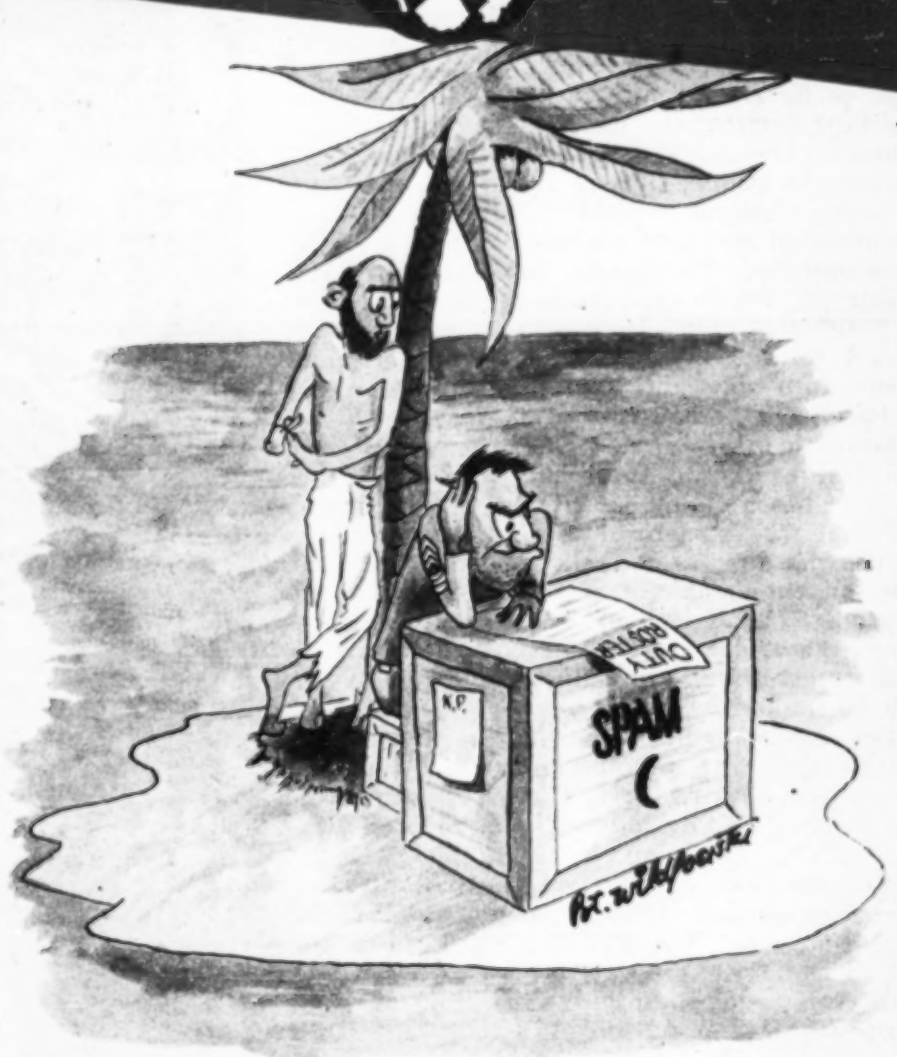
THE ARMY WEEKLY



"I SUPPOSE YOU'VE GOT ME ON DETAIL AGAIN TODAY."
—Pvt. Frederick Wildfoerster

We are sick of desert island cartoons, too. These are the last ones we'll ever publish.

—Sgt. Ralph Stein

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